CHALLENGING CHICAGO'S "MAYOR 1%"
JOHN NICHOLS

CPAC, ON SCRIPT
MICHELLE GOLDBERG

DOUBLE ISSUE

The Nation. 150

Syriza won vital concessions from the troika—and in doing so may have changed the future of the Eurozone

MARIA MARGARONIS

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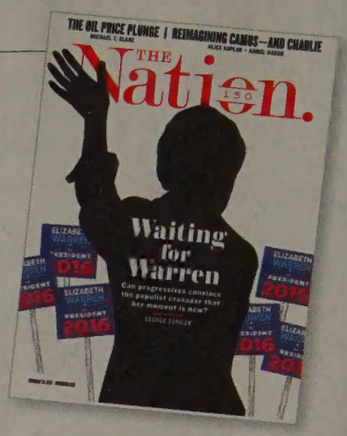

Walk, Don't Run?

George Zornick's great article on Senator Elizabeth Warren ["Waiting for Warren," Feb. 23] reminds me of the months before the 1968 primaries. Antiwar liberals and progressives wanted Robert F. Kennedy to announce his candidacy for president. He held back, and Senator McCarthy jumped in, rolling up impressive totals against Lyndon Johnson and demonstrating how damaged the president was. RFK entered the primaries, forced Johnson out and no doubt would have gone on to victory in November.

Is Bernie Sanders playing the role of Eugene McCarthy, and is the hesitant Senator Warren playing that of Robert Kennedy? Impressive margins against Clinton in the early primaries could send a clear message that the base of the Democratic Party is sick and tired of corporate Democrats. Run, Liz, run!

William F. Johnston
Tacoma, Wash.

I am a liberal Democrat, and I am not waiting for Warren. What is wrong with *The Nation* and other liberal groups? Why are you trying to destroy Hillary? Liberals should unite around Hillary, who is liberal enough for most Americans. It would be difficult for the Democrats to win the presidency three times in a row. Hillary is the best hope. I don't want to push her to the left. I want her to be in a position where she can win.

Reba Shimansky
New York

Progressives who are crying for Elizabeth Warren to run for president are succumbing to the craving for a woman on a white horse. Warren, if I read her comments correctly, is looking at the long game. If she were to be elected president in 2016, her political career would be over by 2024, which is not long enough to make the changes we need. If she stays in the Senate, she can look forward to two or three decades working for progressive causes, and by 2024 she might be majority leader. Bear in mind that Barack Obama had limited success in implementing his agenda, not only because he didn't try all that hard, but also because he was saddled with Harry Reid, possibly the most ineffectual Senate majority leader in recent history. A progressive president without effective allies in Congress is just a celebrity. Ted Kennedy accomplished more as a senator than he likely would have if he had become president. Liz, don't run!

Tim Connor
Portland, Ore.

I was aggrieved to read George Zornick's article in *The Nation* about the MoveOn–Democracy for America campaign to draft my senator, Elizabeth Warren, to run for the presidency. Zornick states that there are no other politicians "being drafted by the party's grassroots." But there are! Progressive Democrats of America and other groups have been organizing our "Run, Bernie, Run—as a Democrat" campaign since last May. We have nearly 20,000 signatures on a petition, and have worked with Senator Sanders at house parties around the country. Indeed, Sanders has talked to enthusiastic crowds in New Hampshire and Iowa.

I continue to wonder why two of the country's largest progressive groups would blow several million dollars on a candidate who has said numerous times that she will not run. This push for a noncandidate will ensure the nomination of Hillary Clinton. Run, Bernie, run!

Russell Freedman
Lanesborough, Mass.

Comments drawn from our website

letters@thenation.com

(continued on page 26)

The Nation.
since 1865

Challenging Mayor 1%

Chicago has scant recent history of upsetting electoral expectations—especially those of municipal strongmen with all the connections and cash that a corrupted campaign-finance system now lavishes on servants of the powerful. So it can fairly be said that a political miracle of sorts swept the Windy City on February 24, when Rahm Emanuel, known among constituents as "Mayor 1 Percent," was forced into a runoff for re-election. That his challenger, Cook County Commissioner Jesus "Chuy" Garcia, is a committed progressive backed by a diverse grassroots coalition startled even veteran observers and rewrote the city's civic calculus.

"Now," argues the *Chicago Reader*, "it's time for the real mayoral debate." This is not just a Chicago debate; it goes to the question of how Democratic mayors, governors and, yes, presidents should respond to income inequality, racial injustice and a democracy deficit that too often leaves cities in the grip of pay-to-play privatizers and austerity evangelists.

Emanuel was supposedly set for easy re-election. He had the power of incumbency, the backing of the city's major dailies, support from remnants of Chicago's Democratic machine and an endorsement by his former boss, President Obama. He also had a twelve-to-one spending advantage, fueled by out-of-town interests hungry for a piece of a city so clearly up for grabs. But Emanuel fell short of the mark—and Garcia, who earned 34 percent of the vote to the mayor's 45, is gaining in the polls as the April 7 runoff campaign ramps up.

Still, it won't be easy for Garcia and his multiracial coalition of teachers, low-wage workers, and neighborhood activists to upset a former White House aide and chair of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee. Emanuel has spent decades serving the interests of power, and those interests relish the way he has—in the words of Bill Curry, who worked with him in the Clinton White House—"made the city a testing ground for two major conservative agendas: corporate education reform and 'privatization.'"

Emanuel's assaults on public education, including the closing of fifty neighborhood schools, galvanized the opposition. Widespread support for a 2012 Chicago Teachers Union strike hinted at the mayor's vulnerability. The union's dynamic president, Karen Lewis, looked like his strongest challenger until she was sidelined last fall by illness. Lewis and progressives then turned to Garcia, who had a solidly pro-labor, pro-economic-and-social-justice record as legislator, alderman and commissioner, but little name recognition and less money. His strong showing confirms that a passion for public education now animates Chicago politics. So, too, does the fact that teachers and progressives have forced a number of Emanuel's allies into City Council runoffs.

But what's happening in Chicago is about more than one issue. It's about ensuring that America's third-largest city meets the needs of working families and neglected neighborhoods. That is the dream deferred for almost thirty years, since the death of Mayor Harold Washington, the last insurgent to beat the machine and the money power. Washington was given little chance when he started his run in 1983, but a campaign that combined civil-rights energy and economic-justice themes prevailed, inspiring rainbow coalitions in cities across the country and Jesse Jackson's challenge to the moribund national Democratic Party.

Democrats who realize that today's party must change to reach disenchanted voters will recognize the role that another Chicago miracle could play in heralding a new and necessary progressive populist moment.

JOHN NICHOLS

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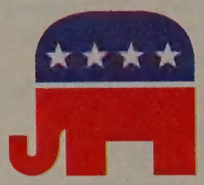
DC BY THE NUMBERS



12
Number of potential GOP presidential candidates who spoke at CPAC

3
Number of CPAC straw-poll winners who have gone on to become the Republican presidential nominee in CPAC's forty-one-year history

3
Number of times Senator Rand Paul has won the CPAC straw poll, including this year

"We had a civil war, two world wars, we survived a depression. We even survived Jimmy Carter. We will survive the Obama years, too!"

Rick Perry, former Texas governor, addressing CPAC on February 27

CPAC, On Script

As 2016 looms, the right is disciplined and energized.

I've been covering the Conservative Political Action Conference (CPAC) on and off for more than a decade. I've seen it in full jingoistic flower early in George W. Bush's administration, when attendees could buy bumper stickers like No Muslims = No Terrorists and hurl beanbags at toy trolls holding signs that read The Homosexual Agenda or The Liberal Media. I've seen it during moments of despair, when conservatives realized that Republican leaders wouldn't enact the entirety of the right's kamikaze agenda. But I have rarely seen it as slick and as sunny as it was this year—and that scares me.

Organized by the American Conservative Union, CPAC always draws leading Republican politicians and aspirants. This year, all the likely GOP presidential candidates were there, including Scott Walker, Jeb Bush, Ted Cruz, Rand Paul, Chris Christie and Rick Santorum. Perhaps because of that, there seems to have been a real effort to tone down the event's customary outrageousness. Poor Ann Coulter, once a reliable CPAC bomb-thrower, was nowhere on the program. There was a conspicuous absence of Hillary Clinton nutcrackers and other Instagram-ready right-wing kitsch. Even Sarah Palin, who spoke Thursday night, was shockingly lucid and rational, devoting her remarks to the plight of veterans suffering overlong deployments, PTSD and backlogs at the VA.

Conservatives have gotten better at hiding their extremism.

COMMENT

Certainly, there were moments of craziness—it wouldn't be CPAC otherwise. Scott Walker made headlines for comparing Wisconsin's pro-union activists to ISIS terrorists: "If I can take on 100,000 protesters, I can do the same across the world." Donald Trump appeared before a jam-packed room and said he's still not sure about Obama's birth certificate. In general, though, the organizers appeared determined not to provide too much fodder for Twitter or cable news. Nobody said anything shocking about birth control. There was little overt homophobia; even Ted Cruz framed gay marriage as a states'-rights issue rather than talking about the sacred union of a man and a woman. After years of excluding the Log Cabin Republicans from CPAC, the American Conservative Union's new director, Matt Schlapp, offered them a tentative welcome. "All conservatives, including conservatives who are gay, are welcome at CPAC," said an ACU press release, and the Log Cabin Republicans' executive director, Gregory T. Angelo, was invited to speak as part of a panel on Putin's Russia.

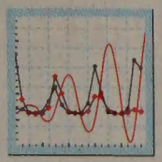
It's great, of course, that blatant anti-gay bigotry is becoming taboo. But it's not good news that conservatives have gotten better at hiding their extremism. One of the essential weaknesses of the GOP is the gap between its reactionary base and the mainstream electorate: the party's candidates have to feed red meat to the former without repelling the latter. When they fail, whether it's Palin in 2008 or Todd Akin in 2012, the Republicans lose. But as long as they can put a patina of reasonableness over their reaction, they have a chance.

The GOP understands this; in 2013, it published a much-discussed audit, the "Growth and Opportunity Project," which examined how the party had marginalized itself. Among other things, the report highlighted the way Republicans were alienating young people, potentially losing an entire generation: "On messaging, we must change our tone—especially on certain social issues that are turning off young voters."

We saw the fruits of this new strategy in 2014, when the party elite largely wrested control of the nomination process from the Tea Party. Democratic attempts to hammer Republicans on the War on Women and other social issues, so successful in 2012, fell completely flat in the face of candidates who'd learned to avoid setting off alarms. The GOP's policy positions didn't change—they still opposed gay marriage, legal abortion, government support for birth control and many civil-rights laws—but they jettisoned the language of culture war for upbeat talk about religious liberty and the importance of local control. Without far-right buffoonery to use as a foil, Democrats saw their advantage among young people narrowed by half, to just eleven points.

CPAC suggests that this might not be an anomaly: the number of young people at this year's event was particularly striking. Members of a new group called Turning Point, which bills itself as the MoveOn of the right, were everywhere, dressed in matching red polo shirts. They eschew social issues entirely; their simple slogan is "Big Government Sucks!" More than 1,000 millennials turned out for their event, which wasn't advertised on the official program. Cruz and Paul both spoke. Paul invoked Kalief Browder, a teenager who spent three years in jail without being charged with a crime, as an example of big government run amok. Cruz talked about "grassroots guerrilla campaigning" and described how much he'd learned from studying Obama's 2008 primary race against Hillary Clinton. The Clintons, he said, "didn't know what hit them until it was all over."

Maybe this is all bluster. Perhaps Clinton, running unchallenged at this early stage, will be able to outdo the right in discipline and intensity. But it seems far from guaranteed, particularly if she surrounds herself with the sort of sclerotic hacks who ran her last campaign. What's clear is that Democrats can't count on Republicans to lose in November. They have to find a message and a platform that can win. MICHELLE GOLDBERG



THE SCORE/MIKE KONCZAL

The Wages of Liberal Nihilism

Liberals need to own the wage problem. Wages remain lower than they were before the Great Recession, following a generation of virtually no growth. Identifying why this is, and understanding the way out, will be essential as the economy gains steam yet still leaves many people behind. And this, in turn, will require overthrowing the reigning attitude that liberals have brought to our economic crisis. Let's call it *liberal nihilism*.

Liberal nihilists try to explain why the economy isn't serving workers, but they do so in ways that render us powerless to fix the problem. There's a version where workers simply don't have the education or skills necessary to handle new high-tech jobs. There's another, similar story in which robots and globalization are taking all the jobs, leaving workers behind in the process.

These stories blame an impersonal market and individual failures for the stagnation of wages, but they don't fully explain the thirty-five-year decline. For example, we don't see the gains that would be expected if robots were really replacing workers. (Indeed, low pay for workers is a likely reason many businesses don't even bother trying to upgrade their equipment.) The economy isn't even working anymore for highly skilled workers, with many well-educated people seeing stagnant pay or being forced to take low-skill jobs.

Liberal explanations for wage stagnation are palliatives for the anxiety of facing a political problem.

But while these explanations are incorrect, that isn't what makes them nihilistic. The nihilism rests in the fact that these stories are palliatives meant to relieve the anxiety of facing a massive political problem. They describe the collapse in wage growth not as a site of collective political struggle but instead as a story where no one—especially policy-makers—is responsible.

To address the issue of stagnant wages, we'll have to leave that attitude behind, because the three major institutions that will determine wage growth are political ones.

The Federal Reserve is the first culprit. Contrary to popular belief, the Fed has been overly cautious during the Great Recession, refusing to announce bolder targets or set long-term interest rates directly. This caution will come to a head this year, when the Fed's chair, Janet Yellen, will have to decide when to begin raising interest rates. If she acts too soon, she will slow down the economy, meaning labor will never regain the bargaining power it needs.

But wage growth is also a matter of how our productive enterprises are organized. Over the past thirty-five years, a "shareholder revolution" has re-engineered our companies in order to channel wealth toward the top, especially corporate executives and shareholders, rather than toward innovation, investments and workers' wages. As the economist J.W. Mason recently noted, companies used to borrow to invest before the 1980s; now they borrow to give money to stockholders. Meanwhile, innovations in corporate structures, including contingent contracts and franchise models, have shifted the risk down, toward precarious workers, even as profits rise. As a result, the basic productive building blocks of our economy are now inequality-generating machines.

The third driver of wage stagnation is government policy. As anthropologist David Graeber puts it, "Whenever someone starts talking about the 'free market,' it's a good idea to look around for the man with the gun." Despite the endless talk of a "free market," our economy is shaped by myriad government policies—and no matter where we look, we see government policies working against everyday workers. Whether it's letting the real value of the minimum wage decline, making it harder to unionize, or creating bankruptcy laws and intellectual-property regimes that primarily benefit capital and the 1 percent, the way the government structures markets is responsible for weakening labor and causing wages to stay stuck.

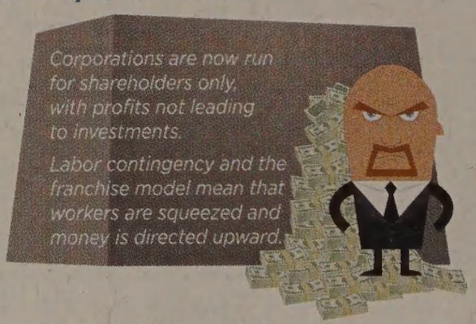
This is not how Democratic politicians and liberal thinkers usually talk about the economy. There is a comfort—perhaps even a glee—in waving away these difficult political problems and replacing them with a story in which no one is at fault, save the workers themselves. But if liberals want to ensure a broadly shared prosperity, let alone present a compelling narrative about how their policies will work for voters, they'll need to recover these stories.

The Real Reasons Wages Stay Low

1. Lack of Full Employment

Unemployment has been over 6% for 6 years.
The Fed has undershot inflation consistently.
There are 500,000 fewer government workers since 2008.

2. Corporate Structure


Corporations are now run for shareholders only, with profits not leading to investments.
Labor contingency and the franchise model mean that workers are squeezed and money is directed upward.

3. Economic Regulations

Union membership was cut in half, from 20% to 10%, in the past 30 years.
The real value of the minimum wage has fallen nearly a third since 1968.

TRACY LOEFFELHOLZ DUNN

705K
Number of *O'Reilly Factor* viewers ages 25–54 on February 25, after the recent scandal over Bill O'Reilly's false claims broke out

37%
Increase in viewers from the show's year-to-date average this represents

3M
Total number of *O'Reilly Factor* viewers that evening

535K
Total number of *Anderson Cooper 360* viewers that same evening

"This is nothing more than an orchestrated campaign by far left advocates.... Fox News maintains its staunch support of [Bill] O'Reilly."

Fox News's statement on the controversy

Eric Alterman

O'Reilly's War

The Fox News host has been exposed (again) as a liar and a bully. And it's all good.

Here's the headline from *Variety*: "'The O'Reilly Factor' has long been the most popular program in cable news, and the controversy surrounding host Bill O'Reilly's war-reporting experiences has only helped elevate the show's ratings." Yes, that's right. Fox News's most famous host has been exposed (yet again) as both a serial fabricator and a bully to those who call him to account. Still, it's all good. His ratings are rising to the point that, in the key demo that matters (adults 25 to 54), he now brings in four times the audience of his nearest competitor, CNN's Anderson Cooper. (MSNBC is not even close.) *The New York Times* estimates that O'Reilly made over $100 million for Fox last year. Apparently, that entitles him to spout whatever nonsense he likes, with no accountability whatsoever, for a reported salary of $20 million a year. A pretty sweet gig, that.

To recap briefly, the mainstream media and the liberal blogosphere have recently been filled with stories in which O'Reilly placed himself at the center of world-historical events—or in imminent danger—and was found to be full of it. Contrary to O'Reilly's claims, he was more than 1,000 miles from the Falkland Islands during the war there. He did not see any nuns murdered in El Salvador. He did not cover the "troubles" in Northern Ireland. He was not threatened by rioters in Los Angeles, and he was nowhere near the suicide of a man who claimed to have information about the assassination of President Kennedy. For all we know, he may not even be named Bill O'Reilly (though there's apparently no truth to the rumor that he stole the dog tags off a dead soldier in Korea).

O'Reilly has dealt with these revelations in various ways. He has called the reporters "guttersnipes" and other funny names. He has painted his former colleagues as liars. He has claimed to be the victim of a left-wing conspiracy. And he has threatened a female reporter from the *Times*, promising: "I am coming after you with everything I have.... You can take it as a threat."

To anyone who has paid attention to O'Reilly or any of the Fox "anchors" in recent years, none of this should come as a surprise. There are many precedents in O'Reilly's career (including a lie about, and faux on-air apology to, yours truly). No doubt one could find plenty of similar fabrications, exaggerations and purposely misleading statements on any given Fox program. That is, after all, the purpose of the network. It flatters the ignorance and prejudice of its audience even as it corrupts the larger media discourse on behalf of those same ignorant prejudices (as well as the financial interests of Rupert Murdoch, its billionaire owner, and Roger Ailes, its president and CEO). Hence, unlike NBC, which at least evinced some embarrassment over Brian Williams's serial fabrications, Fox is totally down with its lying, bullying, name-calling host. Indeed, a Fox anchor or host would be far more likely to lose his or her job for telling the truth. (Things you'll never hear on Fox: "Yes, global warming is man-made and a genuine danger to the security of our nation and our planet." "Yes, President Obama was born in the United States and is a believing Christian." "Yes, that entire Iraqi WMD thing was nonsense." "Yeah, OK, the security arrangements at the US Embassy in Benghazi are not really the job of the secretary of state, much less the president.")

What is perhaps most disturbing about this story is the bifurcated reaction of the mainstream media. Almost no one who occupies a chair in a "respectable" media organization has taken the position that O'Reilly is a liar and Fox is filled with liars and it's about time we stopped taking the network seriously as a news source. Rather, we hear from Politico's Dylan Byers that "the Bill O'Reilly charges aren't sticking." Gabriel Sherman of *New York* magazine believes they have "backfired." Jeremy Stahl in *Slate* says the case is "open to interpretation." And a front-page *New York Times* analysis by Jonathan Mahler and Emily Steel describes O'Reilly as "a man who perhaps more than any other has defined the parameters and tenor of Fox News, in the process ushering in a new era of no-holds-barred, intentionally divisive news coverage." The *Times* reporters leave it to the experts to decide whether what

Unlike NBC, which at least evinced some embarrassment over Brian Williams, Fox News is totally down with its lying host.

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he says is true, though some of these experts—not incidentally, also cable-news veterans—are not so sure that it matters. "Bill's credibility with his audience is not based on his record as a traditional journalist," former CNN/US president Jonathan Klein told the reporters. "His credibility, in the view of his fans, is based on his trenchant analysis of the events of the day, his pulling no punches, his willingness to call it like it is"—which is apparently the way one defines lying, prevaricating and bullying in the world of cable news (and the *Times*'s "expert" sourcing).

Fox News has become a kind of Frankenstein's monster of the mainstream media's own creation.

With all the money it makes and all the viewers it misinforms, Fox News has become a kind of Frankenstein's monster of the mainstream media's own creation. O'Reilly, Ailes and Murdoch are not trying terribly hard to fool anyone. They know what business they're in; they are feeding red-meat propaganda to (mostly elderly, white) right-wing knuckleheads. But the rest of the media allowed them to pretend to be an honest, albeit "controversial," news organization, even as Fox sought to undermine the meaning of "news" in American political debate as well as in the professional canons that underlie it. And by consistently pretending these clowns are serious—well, now the joke's on us.

I've argued in this space recently that, as Jon Stewart and Stephen Colbert have been demonstrating all these years, the only way to treat Fox is as comedic material. How painfully ironic that, with Colbert gone (at least for now) and Stewart going, it's more than ever time for the so-called real reporters of the mainstream media to finally wake up to the lesson taught by their journalistic superiors… at Comedy Central. ■

NOTED

THE WILD WEST

True Grit?

Nation contributor and TV host Laura Flanders isn't the first feminist to face down some gun-toting cowboys, but her battle is a little unusual. Since 2008, Flanders's GRITtv has broadcast the voices of marginalized experts and grassroots activists on cable, satellite and public television, as well as online. "I interview people with grit," Flanders explained in a phone interview.

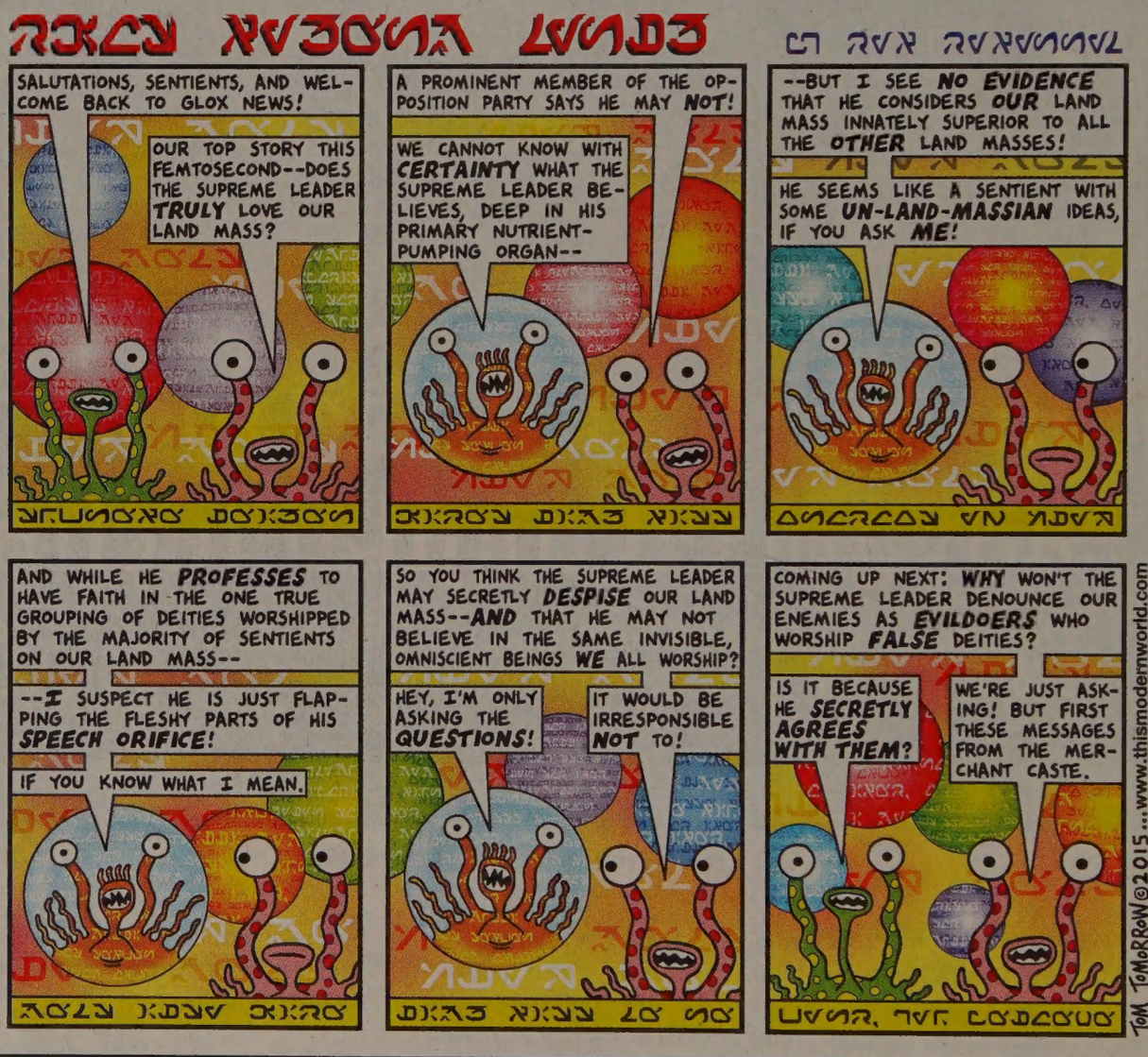
But last summer, she received a phone call asking if she was aware that there was another Grit TV station in town. Flanders jumped online, where she discovered the new Grit (grittv.com), an "action-oriented" digital channel targeting men between 25 and 54 (sexagenarians, beware!).

Launched on August 18, the new Grit is "built around the classic male hero, with a focus on western, war and action movies," said Jonathan Katz, president and CEO of Katz Broadcasting, which operates the network.

No sane person is likely to mistake Harrison Ford for Naomi Klein—but viewers might find it difficult to separate the near-identical branding. Flanders says her voicemail and e-mail have been filled with messages from viewers frustrated with the quality of Grit's digital signal. Viewers confuse contact information on her website for Grit's—and even the programming. One disgruntled viewer wrote to Flanders: "Your channel showing war films is propaganda!"

Last fall, GRITtv's lawyer sent Grit a cease-and-desist letter. GRITtv has applied for a trademark; Grit has, too. Legally, Flanders's longtime prior use of "GRIT" gives her the right to the brand. The Grit guys have yet to acknowledge the consumer confusion, but even a cowboy could tell you that intellectual property law no longer resembles the Wild, Wild West. That frontier mentality goes by another name now: theft.

AVA KOFMAN


SALUTATIONS, SENTIENTS, AND WELCOME BACK TO GLOX NEWS!
OUR TOP STORY THIS FEMTOSECOND--DOES THE SUPREME LEADER TRULY LOVE OUR LAND MASS?
A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE OPPOSITION PARTY SAYS HE MAY NOT!
WE CANNOT KNOW WITH CERTAINTY WHAT THE SUPREME LEADER BELIEVES, DEEP IN HIS PRIMARY NUTRIENT-PUMPING ORGAN--
--BUT I SEE NO EVIDENCE THAT HE CONSIDERS OUR LAND MASS INNATELY SUPERIOR TO ALL THE OTHER LAND MASSES!
HE SEEMS LIKE A SENTIENT WITH SOME UN-LAND-MASSIAN IDEAS, IF YOU ASK ME!
AND WHILE HE PROFESSES TO HAVE FAITH IN THE ONE TRUE GROUPING OF DEITIES WORSHIPPED BY THE MAJORITY OF SENTIENTS ON OUR LAND MASS--
--I SUSPECT HE IS JUST FLAPPING THE FLESHY PARTS OF HIS SPEECH ORIFICE!
IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
SO YOU THINK THE SUPREME LEADER MAY SECRETLY DESPISE OUR LAND MASS--AND THAT HE MAY NOT BELIEVE IN THE SAME INVISIBLE, OMNISCIENT BEINGS WE ALL WORSHIP?
HEY, I'M ONLY ASKING THE QUESTIONS!
IT WOULD BE IRRESPONSIBLE NOT TO!
COMING UP NEXT: WHY WON'T THE SUPREME LEADER DENOUNCE OUR ENEMIES AS EVILDOERS WHO WORSHIP FALSE DEITIES?
IS IT BECAUSE HE SECRETLY AGREES WITH THEM?
WE'RE JUST ASKING! BUT FIRST THESE MESSAGES FROM THE MERCHANT CASTE.
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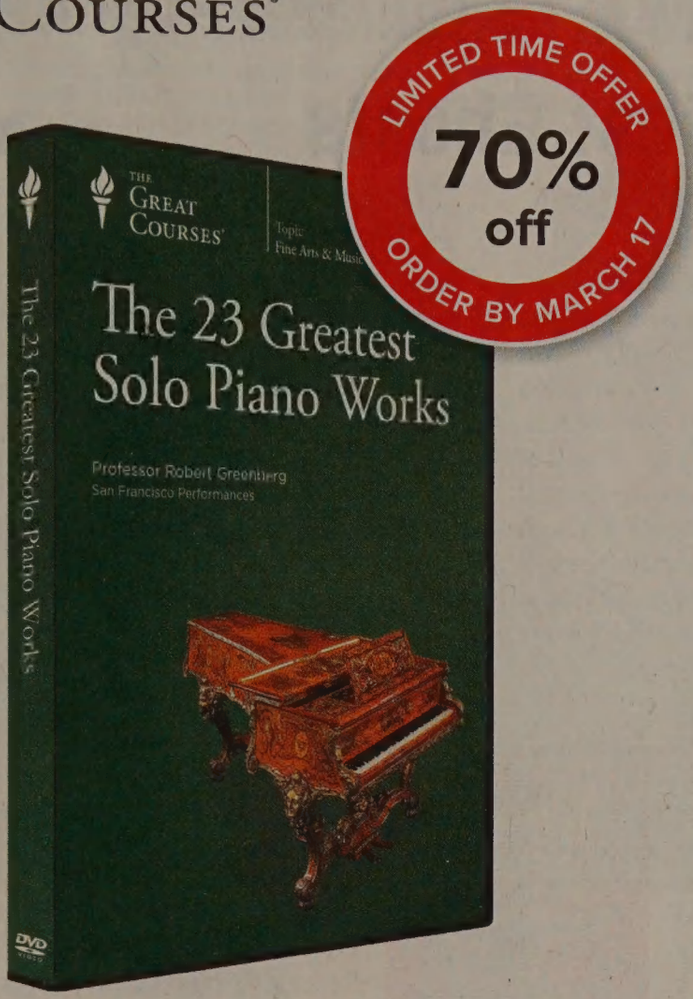

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STUDENT NATION DISPATCHES

OU STUDENT WORKERS ORGANIZE

Building on a grassroots organizing drive that began last November, resident assistants (RAs) at Ohio University are nearing a vote to join AFSCME Local 1699.

The student staff members, who live with and supervise between thirty and fifty dormitory residents each, are hoping to negotiate a wage increase from the current $3.80 per hour (after housing subsidies). They also want to establish due process in the school's notoriously unfair disciplinary procedures and gain control over building assignments.

In the face of anti-union maneuvering, including a nominal wage hike and mandatory meetings with every RA, organizers have mobilized and won the support of just over half of the campus RA population. They also have the support of the student government, thirty faculty members, former RAs and the campus workers union. RAs are hoping to hold a unionization vote by early May.

TheNation.com/Students

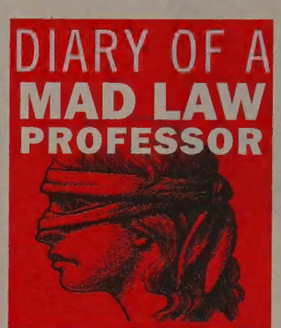
Patricia J. Williams

Fighting Against Ghosts

Meet the people trying to bury America's past.

The planet is aflame with the killing of messengers. We can barely keep score of the assaults on memory: from Mosul to Moscow to Dresden to Dhaka, the destruction proceeds apace—of ancient monuments, scientific archives and schools, of journalists as well as journalism itself. We, the witnesses, expend a great deal of breath and ink promising to "never forget." Yet both globally and locally, in ways large and small, there is huge resistance to even the smallest reminders of injury: no one wants to talk about trauma or privilege as the invisible distributors of public costs and private benefits today. No one wants to bring it home.

In the United States, there has emerged an alarming trend of officially sanctioned oblivion. The most jaw-dropping example was Wisconsin Governor Scott Walker's attempted removal of the words "search for truth" from the 100-year-old mission statement of the state university system. Walker also made news when a BBC moderator asked him if he believed in evolution. "I'll punt on that one," he said. "I am going to leave that up to you." Leaving it "up to you" is also what Rand Paul would do with public-health programs like measles vaccinations: "Parents own the children," he un-reasoned. The board of governors of the University of North Carolina recently eliminated the Center on Poverty, Work & Opportunity; the Center for Biodiversity; and the Institute for Civic Engagement and Social Change. (Also targeted, but hanging on for now, are the Carolina Women's Center, the UNC Center for Civil Rights and the UNC Institute on Aging.) Legislators in Arizona have actually banned outright Latin American studies from public-school curriculums. And the Kansas Board of Regents has "reserved the right" to fire any employee in the system, including tenured professors, if they publish anything on social media that is "improper," "impairs harmony....among co-workers" or is "contrary to the best interests of the employer." In Oklahoma, State Representative Dan Fisher pushed a bill through the legislature to slash public funding for Advanced Placement history classes, fearing that they are neither "positive" nor Christian enough. His objection was not that the curriculum was inaccurate, but that the facts were such a drag. (He wants AP history to be inspiring—all about American exceptionalism! And the Ten Commandments! Or, as Rudolph Giuliani instructed President Obama: "I'm happy for him to give a speech where he talks about what's good about America and doesn't include all the criticism.")



Recently, the Equal Justice Initiative issued a real downer of a report. The EJI has documented lynchings around the country from 1877 through the 1950s, revealing a higher number of these murders (nearly 4,000) than have been counted before now, even with the study limited to only twelve states. (The study focused on the Deep South, in other words, and did not extend to areas like Arizona, Ohio, New Mexico, Michigan and California, where African-Americans, Mexicans, Chinese, Jews and Indians were also lynched without consequence.)

The EJI accompanied the publication of its report with a call to affix memorial markers at the spots where lynchings took place, ritualizing what political philosopher Nancy Fraser has called a "politics of recognition." Perhaps we might think of it as a project akin to German artist Gunter Demnig's placement of *Stolpersteine*, or "stumbling stones." Demnig has laid over 27,000 small stones into sidewalks around Europe, each inscribed with the words "Here lived..." and the name of someone murdered during World War II because of that person's religion, politics, ethnicity or sexual orientation. Demnig says he began the project after encountering a woman living near his home in Cologne who insisted that there had been no Roma in that area: "She just didn't know that they had been her neighbors." Demnig decided to bring the names of those dead home. His efforts to fulfill what the French call the "duty of memory" represent a small, powerfully transformative linkage of the horrors of the Holocaust to presently lurking potentialities, as new waves of fascism and neo-Nazism erupt across Europe.

Knowing the traumatic landscape from which we arise does not make our polity weaker or less loved.

At home in the United States, there is similar forgetfulness about important aspects of our own history. Despite current popular conceptions, for example, most lynchings did not involve anonymous perpetrators and

ILLUSTRATION: ANDY FRIEDMAN

SNAPSHOT/SERGEI KARPUKHIN

Protesting Assassination in Moscow

Russian protesters hold signs with the image of Boris Nemtsov, a prominent opposition leader murdered in Moscow on February 27. A physicist and former governor of Nizhny Novgorod province, Nemtsov was an ally of the late Russian president Boris Yeltsin. His body was found just blocks from the Kremlin, shot six times in the back.

SERGEI KARPUKHIN / REUTERS

EARLY RETURNS

Paul is first, Walker second in CPAC straw vote.
—News reports

Calvin Trillin
Deadline Poet

Oh, mirror, mirror on the wall,
Just who's the rightmost of them all?
Yes, CPAC's survey picked Rand Paul,
But Walker managed to enthrall
A host of cuckoos in that hall.
Can either of them, come next fall,
Retain Big Mo and thus forestall
The latest Bush to be on call?
For he brings with him to this brawl
A signed-up big-bucks cash cabal.

BACK ISSUES/1927

Selling Off Teapot Dome

America shrugged when it was quietly informed in late January that the federal government had sold the land around Teapot Dome in Wyoming to the Stranded Oil Resources Corporation. Back in the 1920s, Interior Secretary Albert Fall went to jail for accepting bribes from oil companies in exchange for leasing them the same land for next to nothing.

In October 1927, when the Supreme Court declared the leases void, *The Nation* described the culprits as "faithless Americans who cheated and betrayed their country in order to line their pockets."

"The deep significance of this goes far beyond the recovery of the oil lands," the editorial continued. "Not only do the mills of the gods continue to grind exceeding fine; the spirit of revolt cannot be downed."

When one of the oil tycoons was acquitted the following spring, *The Nation* heralded the people's growing realization that "there are two kinds of justice—one for the rich, one for the poor. They are right, and their knowledge of this fact will do more harm to American institutions than all the soap-box orators who may be preaching a radical change in our form of government in the streets of our cities. Destroy faith in the equality of all men before the courts, and you go far toward toppling the government."

—Richard Kreitner

anonymous victims melting into the "Southern Gothic" obscurity of moonless midnight swamps. As the EJI report reminds us, lynchings were more often horrific spectacles—extralegal yet entirely public—with photographers, refreshment vendors and children drinking lemonade, with illustrated postcards made and sent openly in the mail and triumphal distributions to the onlookers of ears, penises and other charred body parts. (My 99-year-old father still feels the terror that shook him when his parents read the newspapers aloud. "There was one almost every week," he recalls.) Our American stumbling stones might well be labeled "Here died…" to remind us that this history is real, is part of us, whether we're white, black, a recent immigrant or indigenous. It lives among our families and in our neighborhoods; we will be haunted by its shape until we stop to name it, see it and bring it home at last.

One of the women interviewed by the EJI described her grandfather's deathbed confession that he had been part of a mob that had lynched an innocent black man. "My grandfather carried this guilt all of his life.… Of course he never had to answer for what he did.… I wish I knew the name of that lynched man, if only so I could find out what happened to the family that he left behind. The ignorance among white people of my generation (I'm 48)…is near total. Nobody talks about it. Ever." But knowing the traumatic landscape from which we arise does not make our polity weaker or less loved. To the contrary, reminding ourselves of collective sorrow is a gesture of respect. We pause for the blood spilled here… and here… and here. We account and ask forgiveness. We see. ■

TWEET THAT!

Anyone who says #EspionageAct is the only way to hold alleged "leakers" accountable should hire #Petraeus defense lawyers. #hypocrites

@Jesselyn Radack, national security and human-rights lawyer

The Syriza government hasn't ended austerity, but it has won vital concessions from the troika—and in doing so may have changed the future of the Eurozone.

GREECE STANDS UP

by MARIA MARGARONIS

> What was the great objective behind 19th-century liberalism? It was, as Marx never tired of pointing out, to separate the economic sphere from the political sphere and to confine politics to the latter while leaving the economic sphere to capital. It is liberalism's splendid success in achieving this long-held goal that we are now observing.
>
> —Yanis Varoufakis

DAYS AFTER THE JANUARY 25 ELECTION THAT BROUGHT THE LEFT party Syriza to power in Greece, its eloquent and highly rational new finance minister, Yanis Varoufakis, rode his 1300cc Yamaha straight at the Berlin Wall. Stopping off to shake hands with potential (if unlikely) allies in Paris and in London, seizing the world's attention with his raptor's glare and bright-blue tieless shirts, he emerged from his first meeting with Wolfgang Schäuble, his German counterpart, to break the frame of European politicians' coded, business-as-usual encounters with the press.

Schäuble spoke somewhat hesitantly of rules and tax inspectors and agreeing to disagree; Varoufakis spoke with passion of the European project, of the need to respect the continuity of Europe's institutions without crushing the "fragile flower" of democracy. He described Greece's humanitarian crisis and warned of the dangers ahead should his government fail, asking for Germany's help against the resurgence of Nazism in Greece, which had fought so hard against it. And, in requesting time to free Greece from its debt trap, he didn't evade his country's own responsibilities, referring to Greece's "flimsy business model" and to Syriza's determination to push through deep reforms, combating tax evasion and corruption as well as restarting the economy.

For most Greeks, Varoufakis's frankness came as a huge relief: an open acknowledgment at the heart of European power of the truth as they are living it, an appeal made not as a supplicant but as an equal partner. For others (or often the same ones), it was terrifying: the long-awaited and desired confrontation risked a break with Europe, which is not what the vast majority of Greeks now want. In Germany, Varoufakis's manner was read as arrogance and rudeness. One German MP asked if he could be replaced; Schäuble said he pitied the Greeks for electing "an irresponsible government."

The negotiations that followed between Greece and its Eurozone partners were tortuous and torture-like. Draft proposals agreed to by Varoufakis with Pierre Moscovici, Eurozone commissioner for economic and financial affairs, and Eurogroup President Jeroen Dijsselbloem were switched at the last moment, at German insistence, for much harsher terms. When Syriza cried uncle and submitted a letter requesting an extension of the loan agreement—reneging on a central election promise—the German finance ministry immediately dismissed it out of hand; German officials called it a "Trojan horse." Relations between Greece and Germany have reached a low unseen since World War II. But other conservative governments that have implemented austerity programs—Portugal, Ireland and especially Spain, where Mariano Rajoy's People's Party is facing a challenge from the anti-austerity Podemos—were also tough on the Greeks. They have no interest in suggesting to their voters that they could get a better deal out of the Eurozone—if they elect a left-wing government.

After Syriza's election victory, there was a palpable sense of relief. People spoke of being able to breathe again.

Maria Margaronis writes from The Nation*'s London bureau.*

On Friday, February 20, the European Central Bank made it clear that without an agreement in place, capital controls would have to be imposed on the Greek banks (which have been hemorrhaging funds since December) by the following Tuesday. Looking down the barrel of an ATM machine, Varoufakis signed a four-month agreement rich in constructive ambiguity, which has left commentators arguing over its meaning like Roman augurs. Greece still has a loan "arrangement" under the supervision of the troika (the European Commission, the ECB and the International Monetary Fund), which will be known henceforth as "the Institutions." It has won a crucial reprieve from the requirement to run 4.5 percent primary surpluses, which gives it some fiscal breathing room, and the important right to design its own reforms, which must, however, be approved by "the Institutions." The six-page draft of those reforms has met with a *ja*, but the devil may be in the details. Privatizations, the minimum wage, collective-bargaining rights—all the political reforms disguised in the old memoranda as economic measures—will be particular sticking points.

"WHEN YOU GO TO GIVE BIRTH," SYRIZA MP Vassiliki Katrivanou said to me on the eve of the election, "you feel joy and you feel anxiety, but you know there's no going back." We are still in that narrow passage between the old world and the new—which may turn out to be more like the old than we would wish. As voices on Syriza's left begin to express their discontent at the concessions made, as the wrangling about the terms of Greece's bailout looks set to continue into April and beyond, we have to read the past for clues to possible futures.

In the first weeks after the election, Syriza's popularity soared. While 36.3 percent had voted for the party, some 70 percent said they approved of Alexis Tsipras, the new prime minister. Thousands took to the streets in support of their new government. There was a palpable sense of relief. People spoke of being able to breathe again; of a return to the spirit of May 2011, when the *aganaktismenoi* protesting in the squares had not yet been choked with tear gas or divided into right- and left-wing camps. The joy had as much to do with an end as a beginning. The loathed politicians responsible for bringing Greece to this pass had been ostracized, the old corrupt centrist parties sloughed off like dead skin—and with them, our own shame.

From the outside, Syriza's election victory looked like a simple response to catastrophic austerity, to the loss of sovereignty and democracy, to the debt trap built and maintained by the banks and financial markets—David against Goliath, a brave blow struck for all Europe's people by the most powerless. And it was all those things. That's what made it a lightning rod for left optimism everywhere, an inspiration for the foreigners who came to Athens on January 25 to join the celebrations, and who gathered in

European cities on February 15 in solidarity with Greek negotiators in Brussels. But in Greece, this moment means both more and less than that. It has grown out of a specific history, which will also help to determine its resilience.

It's been almost five years since then–prime minister George Papandreou announced, in the spring sunshine of the picturesque port of Kastellorizo, that Greece was effectively bankrupt, that his government had inherited "a ship about to sink" and had agreed with the European Union and the IMF on a "support mechanism" that would offer "a safe haven" in which to rebuild the leaky vessel. This was, he said, "a new Odyssey for Hellenism, but now we know the way to Ithaca, and we have charted our route...and we shall reach our destination safely."

Countless lives have been wrecked on that voyage to nowhere. Papandreou's safe harbor turned out to be a trap, a cover for the neoliberal restructuring—or rather destruction—of the Greek economy. For five years, Greeks have been subjected to deeper and deeper austerity in exchange for more and more loans, 89 percent of which go to pay the interest on the existing debt. A small primary surplus has been won at the cost of the collapse of the productive economy, 26 percent unemployment, social disintegration, Athenians burning their furniture to keep warm. Successive governments have stalled, delayed, capitulated, unable or unwilling to challenge the lethal game. The "dignity" so many Greeks now speak of—alongside the anxiety, the doubts, the fears about what may happen next—comes from the sense that they've stood up at last; that someone is speaking truth to power on their behalf.

Syriza has not only unified much of the left; it has also drawn social democrats and liberals into a kind of emergency popular-front cabinet.

But Greece's troubles began well before the bailout agreement. The riots that followed the shooting of 15-year-old Alexis Grigoropoulos by an auxiliary policeman in December 2008 marked the moment when the dam broke, when the "700 euros generation" (a monthly salary that sounds princely now, but which back then felt like a pittance) rebelled against mismanagement, corruption and alienation—and when the ratings agencies downgraded the Greek economy. Now that the first phase of the negotiations is over, Syriza has to begin the enormous task of repair and deep reform, made infinitely harder by five years of collapse—but, paradoxically, also more possible. There is no other party in Greece that can take it on.

Yanis Varoufakis, the Syriza government's finance minister, on February 20, the day of the accord with the troika

Many currents came together to lift Syriza's boat into the space vacated by the rotten political system: its own shrewd reading of and response to the shifting situation; the framing of a reform agenda for the left, which includes tackling corruption; the grassroots solidarity projects born out of the depression; winds from Latin America; Greek history, memory, myth. A few days before the election, I sat with Dikaios Psikkakos in the cheerful, tatty offices of Solidarity for All, the organization Syriza set up and funds through a cut of its MPs' salaries to offer practical support to local community projects. Dikaios is thoughtful, warm and open, and has been a Syriza activist for years. "I can't explain what's happening now," he said. "There's a huge groundswell for Syriza, even among right-wing people in my neighborhood, but I can't see, yet, the new social alliance that supports it." Dikaios drew a U-shape on a scrap of paper. Syriza used to be the party, he said, of the precariat—the losers of neoliberalism, the jobless, the low-waged and intermittently employed—and of urban, educated public-sector workers and intellectuals. It couldn't gain a foothold in the vast landscape between, of smallholders, homeowners and secure private- and public-sector workers.

Greece is not, traditionally, a particularly left-wing country, although it has a rich and heroic left-wing history. It has almost no large industry; apart from the two big earners, shipping and tourism, the economy runs on family enterprises, either farming or shops and services. The last time the radical left (almost) came to power was at another moment of deep national crisis: the end of the Axis occupation of 1941 to 1944, when the Communist Party–led resistance movement, EAM, controlled most of the country. The five-year civil war that followed, in which British and American intervention ensured victory for the anti-Communist side, shut the left out of power and civic life for more than thirty years, until after the fall of the junta in 1974. Thousands were imprisoned, exiled or executed. In 1981, Andreas Papandreou's democratic socialist PaSoK rehabilitated (and defanged) EAM as a national resistance movement. Later, cheap loans from Europe helped to paper over the civil war's deep wounds.

For years, the Greek Marxist left struggled to find a voice, splitting and resplitting, forming temporary alliances. Accustomed to life on the margins and seduced by dreams of ideological purity, small parties clung to their separate identities; several still do. A few hundred yards from Syriza's grand rainbow pavilion in Athens before the election, a tiny red shack proclaimed the cooperation of two splinter groups, the Communist Party of Greece (Marxist-Leninist) and the (Marxist-Leninist) Communist Party of Greece. On election day, I wandered up a narrow wooden staircase in Aghios Panteleimon, former heartland of Golden Dawn, to find two women huddled over an electric heater in a bare, high-ceilinged room hung with posters of Marx and Lenin. This was the local office of the KKE, surviving rump of the old pro-Soviet Communist Party, which is strong in many trade unions and on that day won 5.5 percent of the vote, losing supporters to Syriza. Why, I asked, would the KKE

AP

never cooperate with Syriza? "Because we're Marxists and they're capitalists. They want Europe and the markets. If they were Marxists, they wouldn't just want power. They'd want revolution."

In fact, Syriza's core is definitely Marxist ("erratic Marxist" in the case of Varoufakis), steeped in left political and economic theory. Its taproot reaches back to the old KKE; some of its senior activists are veterans of the painful struggle against the military dictatorship of 1967–74. In rundown, trendy Kolonos under torrential rain ("an omen," someone said) on election eve, activists and journalists from the party newspaper, *Avgi*, drank *tsipouro* and talked about the campaign and the future. For them, this election is the first step in building socialism. "Because the people aren't ready," one of them explained, the party invested Tsipras with the image of most suitable prime minister. His genius, she said, is that he's polymorphous: he can switch easily between Marxist terminology and "Greek populist bullshit."

Alexis Tsipras at Kaisariani, where he paid respects to resistance fighters executed by the Nazis in World War II

Vanguardist tendencies notwithstanding, Syriza has not only managed to unify much of Greece's fissiparous left but has also drawn social democrats and liberals—and the far-right Independent Greeks—into a kind of emergency popular-front cabinet. The variety of cultures, backgrounds, ages, styles and political histories in its penumbra is striking; of the new government's forty ministers and deputy ministers, only about half are party members. Deputy Culture Minister Nikos Xydakis is a former editor of the conservative *Kathimerini* daily; his pre-election party, in an old magazine printing plant, could have been in New York City's East Village. A subtle writer uncomfortable with public speaking, he began by wrapping his conviction in irony: "The form that suits me is the melodrama, so I intended to speak about the night that surrounds us, and the light of hope." For Xydakis, as for so many others radicalized by the crisis, the Syriza government represents Greece's last, best chance to escape asphyxiation. "In the heart of Europe, the world's richest continent, they've applied Third World programs from the 1970s," he told me. "It's lending as colonization. How did our politicians sign up to such things?"

Ending austerity and staying in the Eurozone may turn out to be incompatible. But polls show that three-quarters of Greeks still want both.

Syriza's articulation of a left nationalist narrative for a people who feel humiliated not only by austerity but by their scapegoating as the cause of Europe's crisis has also helped fill the gap in the middle of Dikaios's "U." Immediately after his civil swearing in, Tsipras went to the shooting range at Kaisariani, where 200 resistance fighters, most of them communists, were executed by the Nazis in 1944. Alone, he laid red roses on the memorial there and stood for a moment in silence. It was a triple gesture of remembrance, vindication and defiance, asserting Syriza's continuity with the wartime left, staring down Greece's neo-Nazi Golden Dawn and claiming for his government the mantle of a national liberation movement.

Much of the swing to Syriza, though, was based on harsh reality. In the five years of the bailout, the precariat has grown hugely. Middle-class families have seen their income shrink by up to 25 percent, or destroyed entirely. In the past year, a new property tax has hit the bricks and mortar that for most Greeks meant security. The overwhelming feeling is "we can't go on like this." Nobody I spoke to on election day expected miracles; the standard line was: "If they do two of the ten things they've promised, I'll be happy." Even convinced Syriza supporters understood the emotional rhetoric of the election rallies as just that, not to be confused with the hard compromises needed to pull the country out of its long, disastrous slump. In the yard of a public school in lower-middle-class Gyzi, where many small shops have closed, Hermione, a retired magistrate, told me she'd voted for change, "although I don't have hopes that very much will change. I want to see more justice. To have no work is an injustice. Something has to happen. Otherwise we're lost." In the leafy, well-heeled suburb of Psychiko, most voters I spoke to predictably felt that "responsibility" meant sticking with the bailout program, finishing what had been started, not risking Greece's place in the Eurozone. But most of the 64 percent who didn't vote for Syriza have also been hit hard by the crisis. For them, "hope" just wouldn't catch; or Tsipras reminded them too much of Andreas Papandreou, who also promised "change" in 1981 and who, as an elderly lady waiting in a public clinic put it, "devastated the country"; or they thought the prospect of a better deal from the Eurozone was pure fantasy.

In Ayios Panteleimon, a formerly prosperous central Athens neighborhood where many recent immigrants are now packed into flats by slumlords, I met a man whose melancholy seemed to catch the cautious mood of the many undecided voters. Thanassis, 57, was waiting outside the polling place—an old neoclassical elementary school with an incongruous mural of Snow White and the Star of Vergina (symbol of Macedonia and an emblem of Greek nationalism) on the classroom wall. He felt weighed down, he told me, by the responsibility; he was voting for his son's future, but could see no clear path ahead. "The only things I can leave him," he said, "are a good name and a small flat that was his grandmother's.... I don't know what'll happen here. We can't go back to putting everyone in the public sector and retiring at 52." He used to vote for conservative New Democracy; his son had joined the party, which got him a job in the north, but he'd been

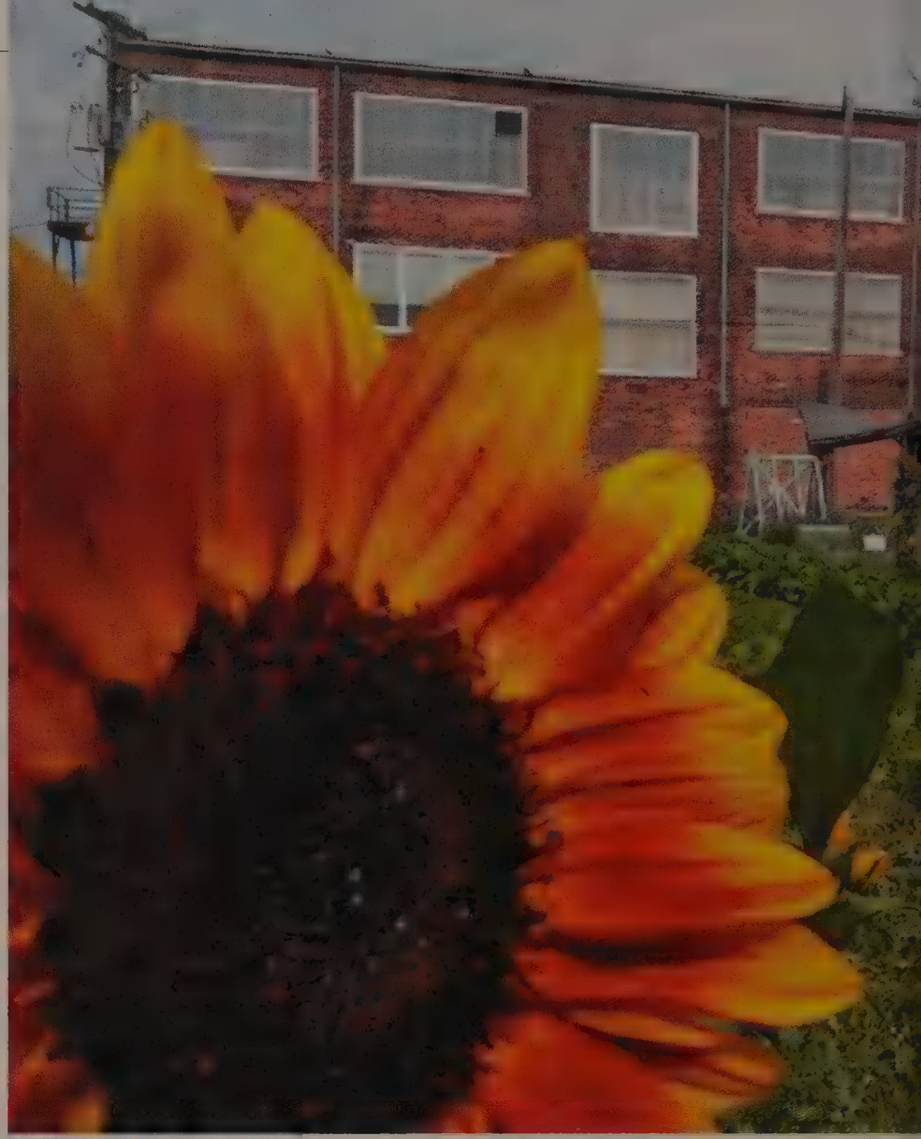
REUTERS

disgusted by the corruption and left. Now, he said, his son was going to vote for a small party. "I told him I don't care which one, as long as it's not Golden Dawn. I'd rather cut my arm off than vote Golden Dawn."

Over the next four months and beyond, as the mood of euphoria at having "stood up" fades, Syriza will need to bring hope to the Thanassises of Greece by proving that it can offer them ordinary, difficult things: a living wage; a state that works for its citizens and lets you open a shop without standing in fifteen lines; judges who don't rule according to their political views; a public sector where promotion depends on the work you've done and not on whom you know. It will have to help the 300,000 poorest families, as it has promised, and begin to turn the productive economy around, and restore workers' rights so employers can't just tell them, when they come for their unpaid wages, "if you don't like it there are hundreds out there waiting for your job." It will have to collect fair taxes and wrest political power back from Greece's oligarchs, resisting their blandishments. And it will have to take "the people" with it at every step. As Vassiliki Katrivanou kept saying to potential voters before the election, "We're not just here to ask for your vote. We're here to ask you for your help and participation afterward."

None of this will be easy. The negotiations with the Eurozone will rumble on for months, with more crisis points ahead in April and June. Some in the left wing of Syriza are already furious at the concessions made, claiming that Tsipras has betrayed his promises. That argument will be bitter, but it must be had; Syriza needs both its liberals and its radicals on board. Syriza has a double mandate—to end austerity and restore lost rights while staying in the Eurozone. These things may well turn out to be incompatible, but polls show that around three-quarters of Greeks still want them both. Leaving the Eurozone is a terrifying prospect; it wasn't only the wealthy who expressed their fear by pulling their last euros from the banks. If it proves impossible for Syriza to implement its program under the current "arrangement," Greece may indeed be pushed into leaving the Eurozone, but only after proper debate and preparation.

In the meantime, though, Syriza has won vital concessions: time, an end to the absurd demand for huge primary surpluses, and the right to design its own reform program. This is a greater victory than it may seem at first—and it wouldn't have been possible without the Greek negotiators' willingness to take a truly radical position, risking everything. In doing so, they have also changed the future of the Eurozone. Cracks have begun to appear in the Berlin Wall. Germany's hardline finance ministry has been forced to concede that politics can't be separated from economics. A small country has insisted on its democracy against opposition from Brussels, sharpening the contradiction at the heart of the Eurozone. Elections are coming up in Spain, Ireland and Portugal, all hard hit by austerity. Syriza's posters before the election announced that "Hope Is Coming" in brightly colored letters. Now it's time for ordinary hope, in black and white. ■



THE URBAN R
FROM THE AS

Ten progressive experiments reshaping American citie

IT'S BECOME ALL-TOO-FASHIONABLE IN RECENT years to say that American politics is "broken," to throw one's hands up in horror and mutter about stalemate, paralysis, the outsize influence of Big Money and all the other demons of Washington, DC. And, federally, that may well be the case. Yet, at the city level, politics is a whole different ballgame, with a generation of progressive mayors pushing big-picture reforms on a scale not seen in years. As a result, many regions are being remade for the better around creative approaches to the environment, mixed-income housing, transport, employment, schooling, health and food.

Seattle has garnered international attention with its move to increase the citywide minimum wage to $15 an hour, achieved after socialist Councilwoman Kshama Sawant pushed the issue to the fore during her 2013 campaign, and after her victory convinced Mayor Ed Murray of the electoral benefits of embracing the higher wage. In

EVIVAL, PHALT UP

by SASHA ABRAMSKY

its wake, San Diego, San Francisco and many other cities have moved toward far higher minimum wages than those guaranteed both federally and at the state level.

Portland, Oregon, meanwhile, has long been renowned for pioneering investments in public transport, creating near-total access to buses and light rail, and helping secure its place as one of the country's most livable cities. And in New York, Mayor Bill de Blasio has pioneered a universal prekindergarten program, offering a preschool place to any child whose parents want it. In September 2014, more than 50,000 kids began attending city-run and city-funded prekindergartens, and the number is expected to rise next year to more than 70,000. Many of America's other large cities, including Seattle, Denver, Boston, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago and DC, are also moving toward universal preschool access.

But the city-level changes in America go far beyond these headline-generating moves. Often out of the public spotlight, hundreds, if not thousands, of creative programs and policy experiments are being pushed in cities from Honolulu to Miami, Chicago to Houston. Ideas range from the distribution of free laptops to kids in poor neighborhoods, as in parts of Miami, to innovative public-health strategies to contain the spread of hepatitis and HIV among intravenous drug users in Albuquerque, to Cleveland's well-publicized support for the worker-owned Evergreen Cooperative.

Sasha Abramsky, a regular Nation *contributor, is the author of several books, including* Inside Obama's Brain *and* Breadline USA. *His latest book,* The American Way of Poverty, *was published by Nation Books in 2013.*

Here are ten urban experiments that have resulted in major changes in the lives of residents. While not generating the headlines of Seattle's minimum-wage increase or New York's preschool guarantee, they nonetheless merit attention, both for their stand-alone promise and their potential to inspire copycat programs that shift the terrain across the country. "It's like turning a paddle ship," says John Duda of the Democracy Collaborative, which has been working with the city of Jacksonville, Florida, to forge a Community Wealth Building Roundtable. "You do it slowly, but if it works, the results will be very important."

DETROIT'S URBAN GARDENS

Long considered a near-apocalyptic example of what happens when a big city hits the skids and goes into a steep population decline, Detroit has become home to a vast network of urban farms and gardens. Out of dystopia is emerging, in some neighborhoods, a strangely utopian social experiment.

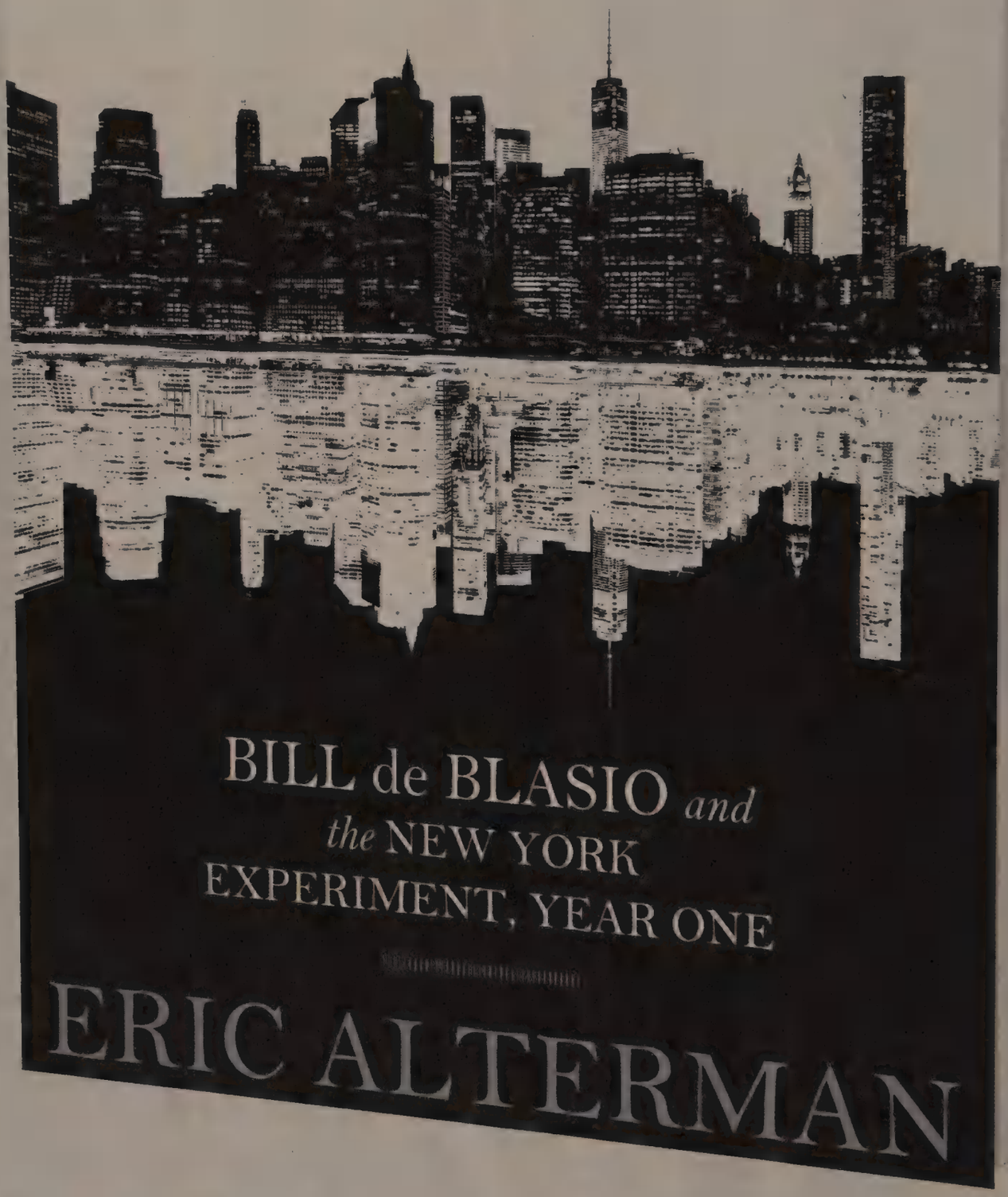
The transformation of Detroit's abandoned lots into sustainable green spaces started as a somewhat inchoate phenomenon, the farms begun by desperate residents simply trying to survive. But in recent years, urban farming has coalesced into a more organized movement with a fair degree of political clout, the farmers represented by an array of organizations. The Garden Resource Program, which supplies information as well as seeds and vegetable transplants to residents who want to start farming, supports 1,400 farms and gardens in Detroit alone, growing everything from tomatoes to apples. Some even host cattle and goats.

While the city administration was initially hostile, it has recently embraced this trend, realizing that the farms may be Detroit's last, best chance to convert abandoned lots back into something productive. A staggering 200,000 parcels of land were vacant in the city and its surrounding area in 2012. A year later, the City Council passed a zoning ordinance allowing agriculture within the city limits. Farmers' markets are now emerging, and restaurants have started selling meals cooked with city-grown produce.

PHILADELPHIA'S LAND BANK

Like many other old East Coast and Rust Belt cities, Philadelphia has long been pocked by vast tracts of blight. The best estimates place the number of vacant or abandoned lots between 30,000

INEQUALITY AND ONE CITY



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and 40,000. These buildings have, historically, ended up owned by numerous different city agencies, with an utter lack of coordination characterizing the process.

The term "land bank" can make one's eyes glaze over. But, in fact, the land bank movement represents an important effort to tackle both urban blight and the ongoing impact of the foreclosure epidemic. And it has been embraced by New York State, Michigan and a number of other locales.

The Philadelphia Land Bank, which is the country's newest big-city land bank, could end up in charge of more than 8,000 buildings, creating a huge opportunity to regenerate long-neglected neighborhoods as well as to preserve affordable housing in gentrifying districts. It is backed by a $4 million starting budget and brings together an array of community and business groups, as well as city agencies. And it has a comprehensive plan to convert these lots to uses that will benefit the community: affordable housing, community centers, urban gardens and so on. Rick Sauer, executive director of the Philadelphia Association of Community Development Corporations, summarized the goal: "Get the property to folks who are going to put it to productive use, and get the property back on the tax roll."

There are hundreds, if not thousands, of creative programs and policy experiments being pushed in cities.

NEW ORLEANS'S JACK & JAKE'S AND CALIFORNIA'S FRESH APPROACH

ALTHOUGH THE BIG EASY IS ONE OF AMERICA'S great culinary centers, diabetes and obesity have long plagued the city and, in particular, its poor residents. Many parts of town, especially after Hurricane Katrina wiped out local businesses, are food deserts, lacking ready access to healthy foods.

Entrepreneur John Burns has sought to change this. With the help of funding from progressive social impact investors and the city, his company Jack & Jake's has opened several large wholesale outlets since 2011 that work with local farmers and fishermen to get healthy food into grocery stores and restaurants. In early spring, the company is set to open a 27,000-square-foot market-cum–food court in an abandoned schoolhouse in the Central City neighborhood. If the strategy works, it will open low-cost stores featuring healthy alternatives to junk food—both fresh produce and prepared local dishes—in poor, diabetes-ravaged communities throughout the South and Appalachia. "This model is attractive," argues Burns, "because it's not the traditional grocery store model."

All of this is part of a broader strategy to prioritize social impact investments in post-Katrina New Orleans and to convert disused warehouses, schools and other large spaces into hubs for economic activity in poor neighborhoods. Will it work? The Big Easy still has a long way to go. But if it can find a way to tackle the obesity and diabetes epidemics that afflict its impoverished communities, that will be its own kind of triumph.

With the same goals in mind, Los Angeles, San Francisco and other California metropolises have chosen a different strategy to get healthy food onto the plates of low-income residents. The California Market Match Consortium's Fresh Approach programs take the economic sting out of buying fruits and vegetables by providing poor Californians with $5 worth of free produce every time they spend $10 of CalFresh benefits (the state's version of food stamps) at a participating farmers' market. In 2013, CMMC released a report showing that, since the program's inception in 2009, the use of CalFresh benefits at farmers' markets had grown by 171 percent. In other words, poor Californians are getting healthier food thanks to this effort.

Millennium Park, which sits on top of two garages in Chicago, is considered to be the world's largest green roof.

AUSTIN'S SMART HOUSING PROGRAM

THE LONE STAR STATE'S PROGRESSIVE CAPITAL has bucked the car-centric, economically segregated design of other big Texas cities, promoting affordable mixed-income housing development anchored by easy access to public-transit systems. And, since Austin is now the second-fastest-growing city in the United States, that's no mean achievement.

Under SMART (which stands for Safe. Mixed income. Accessible. Reasonably priced. Transit oriented), the more units a developer sells or rents at prices affordable to a family earning less than 80 percent of the city's median income, the greater the percentage of fee waivers the city gives. Once 40 percent of units in a given development are "affordable," the city waives all of the developer's fees. What makes Austin's program more interesting, however, is that it's not just about affordability; it's also about access. Built into the SMART codes are requirements that SMART-qualified housing be within a half-mile of a bus route. That's a slightly less stringent requirement than the program initially had, but still one that keeps Austin a public transit–centered city as it expands.

ATLANTA'S EAST LAKE PUBLIC HOUSING REDEVELOPMENT

AUSTIN ISN'T ALONE IN PUSHING FOR CREATIVE, mixed-income solutions to the housing crunch. In Atlanta, the area of East Lake, once home to one of the city's largest public-housing tracts, has been redeveloped by a group called Purpose Built Communities (PBC). With a mixture of public and private funding, large swaths of desperately poor and dangerous public-housing blocks—the biggest contiguous swath of public housing in the South—have been replaced by low-rise, mixed-income neighborhoods, along with new schools and businesses.

The East Lake changes have been successful in large part because they have taken place with the support and engagement of local residents. How was that support won? By the city, under then-mayor Shirley Franklin, committing not to push the existing residents out of the neighborhood—as has happened elsewhere when public-housing tower blocks have been replaced by mixed-income, low-rise dwellings—and by a participatory process that brought local residents to the table when changes were broached. Franklin has since become president of PBC.

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SALT LAKE CITY'S HOUSING PROGRAM FOR HOMELESS VETERANS

In January 2014, Salt Lake City, the capital of Utah—a state that is hardly known for its progressive vision—made history by becoming the second city in the country to end homelessness among military veterans. (Phoenix was the first.) How did Salt Lake City do it? While other urban hubs were busy passing laws to arrest people for panhandling or sleeping in public, Salt Lake City opted for the more humane, and ultimately more practical, approach of providing homes for its homeless vets. Inspired by the "housing first" philosophy, the program aggressively links homeless men and women with housing—by finding and building apartments—while also providing access to counseling and other support services.

Salt Lake City's experiment is part of a still more ambitious statewide housing first program, which is working to provide permanent homes to 2,000 chronically homeless residents, many in the urban environs of Salt Lake City. Somewhat counterintuitively, Utah has found that providing homes to the homeless, and then helping with mental health treatment and job searches, comes in many thousands of dollars cheaper than leaving homeless men and women to cycle in and out of jails, prisons, hospitals and shelters. According to the best estimates, the cost of housing a homeless person averages about $12,000 a year, whereas the cost of leaving a person to the streets can climb to more than $20,000 a year.

Out of dystopia is emerging, in some neighborhoods, a strangely utopian social experiment.

BURLINGTON'S CHAMPLAIN HOUSING TRUST

Back in the mid-1980s, progressive politicians in Burlington, Vermont, began fearing that the influx of moneyed homeowners from the big East Coast cities was making their town unaffordable to local residents. So they decided to act: they formed a Community and Economic Development Office, which then put up $200,000 in seed funds for a city land trust that began buying up local properties, selling them at subsidized rates and reinvesting profits in more properties.

The intent? To build up, over a period of decades, a large stock of homes rented or owned by low- and moderate-income locals at below-market rates, with the land trust putting up a percentage of the initial purchase price in exchange for a share in the profits when the owner eventually sells the home. To help maintain these homes, the housing trust also provides residents with low-cost loans for repairs and for environmental upgrades. And, to ensure that the homes stay affordable from one owner to the next, owners have to sell at a designated price: what they paid originally, plus 25 percent of the appreciation in value that the house would have had on the open market. In other words, say a house was bought originally for $100,000, but is now worth $200,000. When the owner sells back to the housing trust, the trust only has to pay $125,000. Think of it as akin to rent stabilization, but for homeownership. Roughly 2,000 individuals and families are now in the city's Housing Trust homes.

Fresh Urbs! Thanks to the Fresh Approach program, poor San Franciscans can buy more healthy food at the Ferry Building Marketplace.

CHICAGO'S GREEN ROOFS

When the word "environmental" is bandied about, one doesn't immediately think "Chicago." Yet when it comes to green roofs, the Windy City has led the way for more than a decade (though in recent years its dominance has been challenged by New York, Portland and Washington, DC). Its transformation began more than fifteen years ago, after Richard Daley, who was mayor, visited Europe in the wake of a heat wave in Chicago that had killed upward of 700 people. There he saw innovative urban environmental planning, including the widespread use of green roofs, and came back inspired to emulate some of the design ideas pioneered in Copenhagen and various German cities. His first big move was to transform City Hall's roof in 2001 into a garden made up of tens of thousands of plants. At the same time, the city enacted incentives for developers, from speeding the permit process to offering grants, and allowed green-roofed buildings to have additional floor space.

Citywide, there are now over 500 green roofs (amounting to 5 million square feet), and Michael Berkshire, the green projects administrator for Chicago's Department of Housing and Economic Development, says the city's heat-amelioration and water-absorption plans extend far beyond roofing, to the laying of permeable pavements, the planting of rain gardens designed to soak up excess water, and the growing of "urban forests." "We're looking at all forms of green infrastructure," Berkshire explains, "adding vegetation wherever we can within the urban landscape."

BOULDER'S CARBON TAX

Nine years ago, Boulder, Colorado, voters passed the country's first carbon tax, electing to charge themselves roughly $7 per metric ton. The tax covered all electricity usage in the city, although homeowners who use alternative energy sources, such as wind power, qualify for rebates. In 2009, the city increased the tax rate another few dollars per ton.

While the program hasn't been the financial windfall some predicted, generating less than a third of the anticipated revenue, it has still cut emissions by well over 100,000 metric tons per year. And the money raised has been plowed back into energy-efficiency investments.

Boulder's tax has been recognized internationally by climate activists, and modified versions of the program have been implemented in other US cities. The program remains popular: in 2012, 82 percent of residents voted to keep the carbon tax for five more years. In a uniquely Boulder-esque twist, the city recently responded to Colorado's legalization of marijuana by imposing an extra carbon tax on industrial-scale pot producers. ■

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MEASLES

The return of the world's most contagious disease

by ANNIE SPARROW

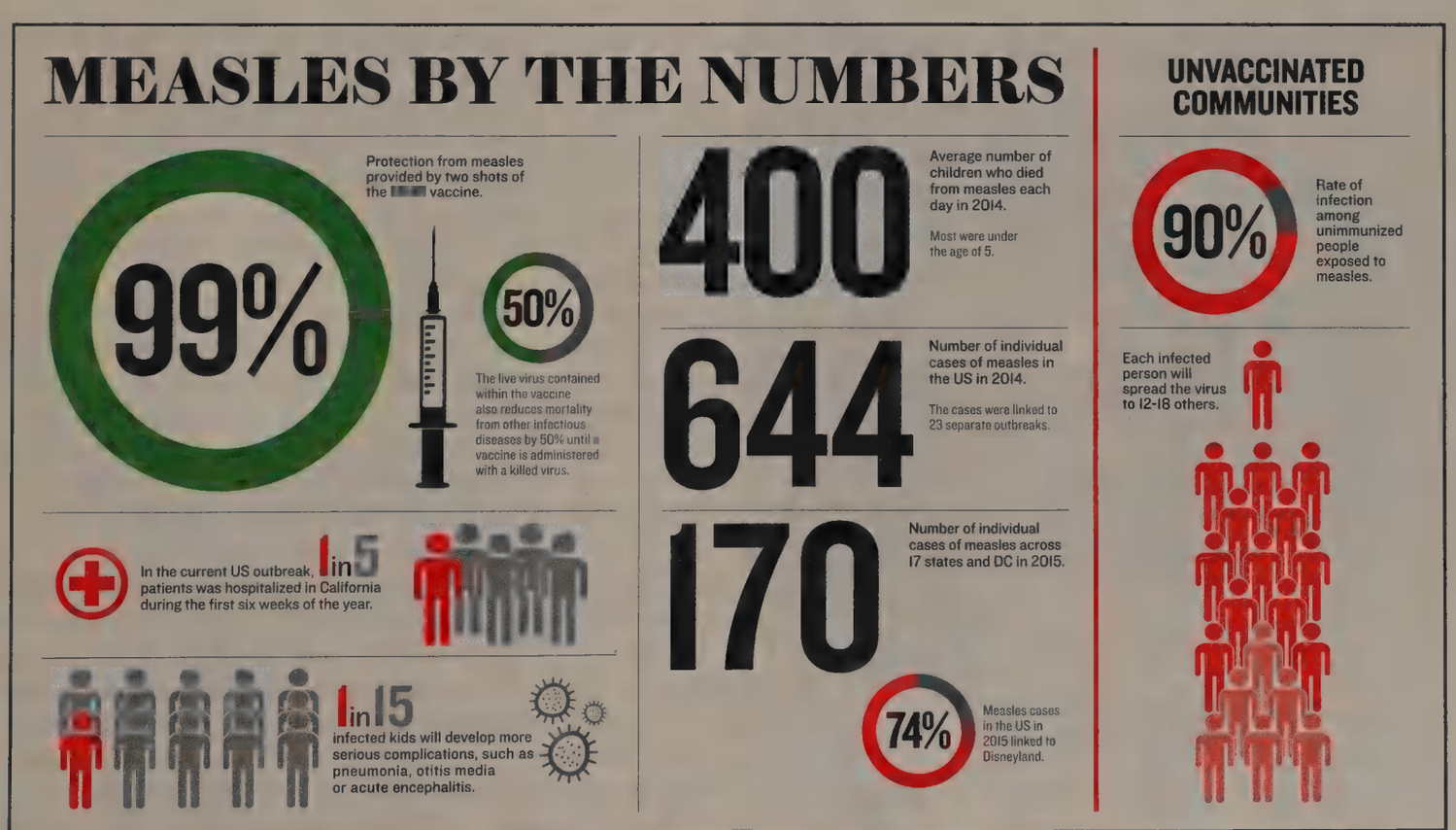
NO COUGH, NO MEASLES. THAT WAS ONE OF the many mantras and memory aids I learned in medical school. Most were designed to reduce tomes like *Gray's Anatomy* to a few rules. Much of the time, it was easy to miss the point, especially when the subject seemed to be an obscure disease.

Five years into a typical Western medical education, none of us had ever seen measles. Nor were we bothered. Apart from HIV, microbes like measles seemed prehistoric. Still, I remembered this particular rule, offered by a revered professor, even as I wondered why he was so focused on a cough instead of "Koplik spots," the little white dots in the mouth that are specific to measles.

Then I spent ten weeks in a pediatric infectious-disease ward in Cape Town. I thought I would see "African diseases" like hemorrhagic fever and HIV, which I did. But I also saw measles, rubella, scarlet fever, syphilis, rheumatic fever, typhoid, tuberculosis and many other causes of rash and fever. Suddenly, I could see the point of my professor's rule. The very first signs of measles are a fever and cough, followed by a runny nose and red eyes. The appearance of a rash three or four days later is usually what prompts parents to bring their child to the emergency room. The problem is that, at any given time, half the preschool children in the ER have a fever, rash or both. The differential diagnosis—which can range from mild roseola to devastating meningococcal sepsis—is hard enough in immunized children. In an unimmunized child, the ailment might also be rubella—harmless for the child, but catastrophic for unimmunized pregnant patients—or chicken pox.

Or it might be measles, in which case you need to know—fast—because measles is the most contagious disease on earth. Among unimmunized people exposed to the virus, 90 percent will contract the disease. And each of these people will spread it to twelve to eighteen others in an unvaccinated community. Complications like pneumonia and meningitis can be permanent, deadly or both, especially for immune-compromised patients such as those with cancer. And, in the ER, one of these kids might be in the next bed.

Older Americans remember measles as a common childhood disease that just had to be suffered through, but it is still frequently deadly in low- and middle-income countries. In 2014, an average of 400 kids died each day


MEASLES BY THE NUMBERS
99%
Protection from measles provided by two shots of the [redacted] vaccine.
50%
The live virus contained within the vaccine also reduces mortality from other infectious diseases by 50% until a vaccine is administered with a killed virus.
In the current US outbreak, 1 in 5 patients was hospitalized in California during the first six weeks of the year.
1 in 15
infected kids will develop more serious complications, such as pneumonia, otitis media or acute encephalitis.
400
Average number of children who died from measles each day in 2014.
Most were under the age of 5.
644
Number of individual cases of measles in the US in 2014.
The cases were linked to 23 separate outbreaks.
170
Number of individual cases of measles across 17 states and DC in 2015.
74%
Measles cases in the US in 2015 linked to Disneyland.
UNVACCINATED COMMUNITIES
90%
Rate of infection among unimmunized people exposed to measles.
Each infected person will spread the virus to 12-18 others.

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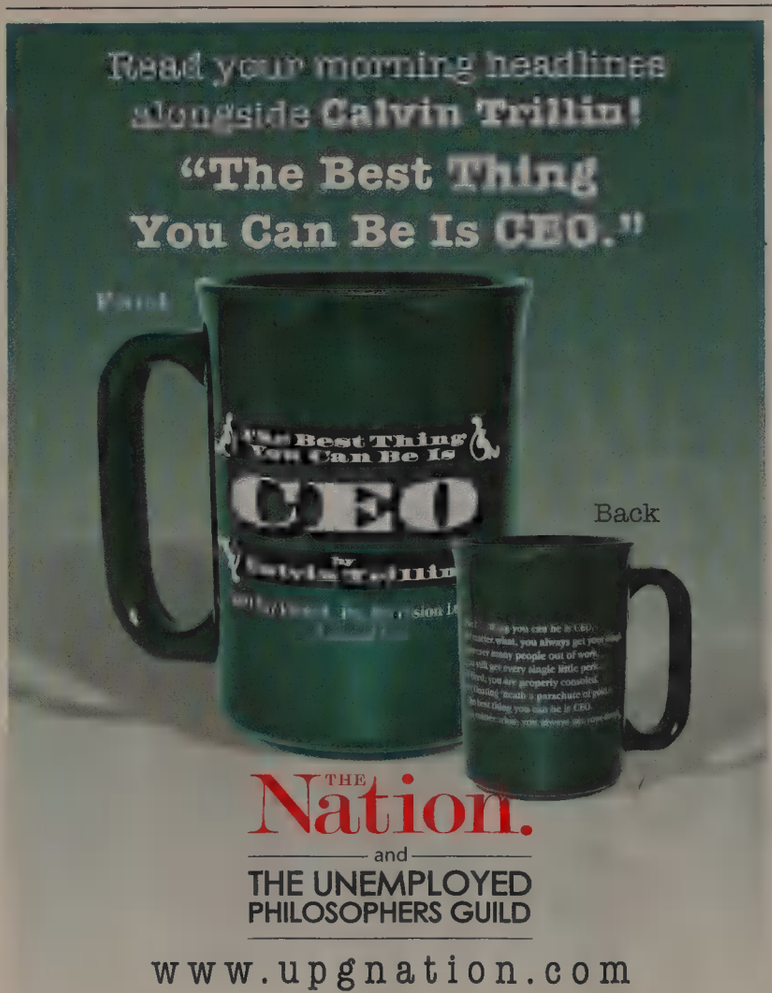

of measles, most under the age of 5. In the current US outbreak, 20 percent of patients were hospitalized in California during the first six weeks of the year. And one in fifteen kids will develop more serious complications, such as severe pneumonia, otitis media with the possibility of permanent deafness, and acute encephalitis. The cruel, late complication of subacute sclerosing panencephalitis (SSPE), a progressive brain disease, is inevitably fatal. In Germany, which has seen an explosion of measles for reasons similar to those in the United States, twenty-seven children died of SSPE between 2005 and 2010. One teenager died of SSPE just last year.

So a doctor needs to be able to diagnose measles at "hello," not wait for the results of two blood tests taken two weeks apart while the child spreads measles, as happened at Disneyland. And, as I rapidly realized, using Koplik spots as a diagnostic aid is better suited to passing exams than clinical practice. Toddlers with measles tend to be extremely irritable and not wildly eager to open their mouths on request for viewing. Nor would you want to get that close if you were uncertain whether you had been immunized.

The crucial question thus becomes: Cough, or no cough? If there's no cough, it's not measles. Period. Which is good, as excluding measles early averts both parental and departmental panic. But if an unimmunized child or adult is coughing, take it very seriously. Ensure that the child is kept away from places where he or she could spread the disease. Educate parents on how to treat the symptoms. And get the child out of the ER as quickly as possible before he or she infects other patients and staff.

THESE STEPS HAVE BECOME PARTICULARLY VITAL NOW THAT measles, long forgotten, is back in the United States. After disappearing in 2000, it has re-emerged alongside nasty allegations about the danger of the vaccine by anti-vaccination ideologues and unscrupulous politicians, even though the vaccine is safe, and mass measles vaccination is the single best public-health intervention we have.

As doctors, we know a few things that are fundamental to our well-being. Most of these are public-health measures that enable us to live much longer and better lives than people did 200 years ago. These measures of mass salvation include water purification, toilets and sanitation, garbage collection and disposal, nutrition and vaccination to protect children from infectious diseases like smallpox, polio and measles.

Smallpox was a truly nasty disease, with a fatality rate of 30 percent. Its eradication was the result of achieving global herd immunity, a feat of international cooperation and cost-effective investment in a global good. Herd immunity comes from mass vaccination and eliminates the virus. It protects the entire community, particularly children and adults who can't safely be immunized, as well as babies too young to be vaccinated. When the global campaign began in 1967, there were 10 million to 15 million cases of smallpox a year. Places that had attained herd immunity, such as Europe and North America, had to maintain it to prevent imported cases from India and Africa from triggering an epidemic while mass vaccination campaigns created global herd immunity. Ten years later, the virus died out. Smallpox eradication is the public-health success story of the twentieth century, and because of it we are now determined to try to eradicate other infectious diseases, such as polio and measles.

Polio, perhaps the most frightening disease of the twentieth

century, because of its invisible spread and devastating effect, crippled tens of thousands of children each year before the discovery of a vaccine sixty years ago. Americans can be rightly proud of the March of Dimes, an enormous effort driven by American mothers, which raised tens of millions of dollars to find a vaccine. The global campaign to eradicate polio required massive international cooperation, overcoming Cold War divisions, to bring the number of global polio cases today down to a few hundred a year.

Measles, like polio and smallpox, is a horrible disease. Second only to smallpox in the total number of deaths it has caused over the past two millennia, it's still a major killer of young children in the developing world. The creation of a vaccine was widely welcomed. It is usually delivered jointly with vaccines for mumps and rubella, known in combination as MMR. Two shots provide 99 percent protection and lifelong immunity.

But because of vaccination lapses, measles is now on the rise. There were twenty-three separate outbreaks in the United States in 2014, involving 644 individual cases—a record number since measles was eliminated from the United States fifteen years ago. So far in 2015, there have been 170 cases in seventeen states and the District of Columbia, 74 percent of which are linked to Disneyland. Blaming it on Mexico and porous borders, as some opportunistic politicians have done, has no basis in reality; there were only two cases in Mexico in January, both imported from the US. Globally, the number of deaths rose from 122,000 in 2012 to 146,000 in 2013, reversing a twelve-year downward trend. In November 2014, the World Health Organization gave up on meeting its target for measles control.

And it gets worse. Measles is so contagious that it is used as the indicator disease to show deficits in immunization coverage of all vaccine-preventable diseases—which means the problem goes well beyond measles. We are now seeing outbreaks of whooping cough in the US, mumps in Britain and tuberculosis more widely. Just last year, the WHO announced a public-health emergency of international concern for polio.

WHY IS THIS HAPPENING? IN SYRIA, THE GOVERNMENT'S effort to withhold childhood vaccinations in areas considered politically unsympathetic to the dictatorship was one reason for the popular uprising. Small wonder that polio returned to that country, and that, according to available data, there were over 10,000 cases of measles there in 2014. Parents are desperate for vaccines, and last year medical workers braved Bashar Assad's barrel bombs to vaccinate 1.4 million children in northern Syria for polio, achieving 92 percent coverage. Similarly, in West Africa, people are begging for Ebola vaccines. Yet in the United States, the anti-vaccination movement has seen increasing numbers of parents refuse measles and other vaccines "on behalf" of their unprotected children.

That misguided movement began with the unconscionable malpractice of Andrew Wakefield. A doctor who has since lost his license, he and his co-authors of a 1998 article in *The Lancet* made up a syndrome consisting of diarrhea and developmental disorder ("regressive autism") that he tried to link to the MMR vaccine for the purpose of financial gain. He was not at the time a practicing doctor, and had no expertise with autism, but he manipulated parental fears and an editor's penchant for controversial papers to secure publication in a respected journal. Extraordinarily, despite a financial conflict of interest, despite the fact that he'd fabricated the syndrome and

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falsified data to fit his criteria, his paper passed peer review.

That paper was then used to support litigation against three companies that produced the MMR vaccine, and to lobby for use of Wakefield's own measles-only vaccine. Wakefield went on to make over $600,000 in fees alone from the lawyer who brought the lawsuit.

In his 1998 paper, Wakefield alleged that eight children developed autism six days after receiving the MMR vaccine. I remember the paper well, because I was a pediatric fellow in London at the time. I and every other pediatrician were immediately besieged by parents demanding measles-only vaccines. We were staggered by Wakefield's ridiculously small, uncontrolled and clearly biased study about a syndrome that none of us had heard of, even though the MMR vaccine had been widely used since 1968. But it was also hard to imagine that *The Lancet* would publish something with such obvious global ramifications unless there was irrefutable scientific evidence uncontaminated by financial interest.

It took six years for *The Lancet* to admit Wakefield's financial conflict of interest, but it did not retract the paper until 2010. Meanwhile, the rise of measles in the United States, the United Kingdom and other parts of Europe reflects the damage done; in February, a toddler died in Berlin amid the biggest outbreak in years. And the consequences extend well beyond the West. In Nigeria, Ebola was successfully stopped in 2014, and polio is close to being eliminated, yet this country has the second-highest number of kids not vaccinated for measles, after India. Among the reasons Nigerian parents have been known to refuse to vaccinate their children is that they are familiar with the anti-vaccine movement incited by Wakefield. If American parents aren't vaccinating their children, why should they?

Vaccination rates of 94 percent are needed to prevent measles transmission in high-risk areas like childcare centers and schools. Yet in Orange County, California, and West Hollywood, many schools have childhood immunization rates of less than 92 percent, with some schools having rates as low as 38 percent—levels seen in developing countries. *The Lancet* could help now by publishing an unequivocal editorial discarding the myth once and for all.

The measles vaccine is safe, and mass measles vaccination is the single best public-health intervention we have.

USING VACCINATION AS A POLITICAL TOOL IS contrary to the public good. Yet some politicians seem unable to assert collective responsibility over individualism: Chris Christie dithers about balancing parental choice and public health, while Rand Paul offers uninformed opinions. A White House spokesman said that "people should evaluate this for themselves," though he urged a bias toward "good science." Seriously? Should we also start debating the value of safe drinking water and sanitation?

In medical school, I couldn't see myself in a career in public health, which seemed like a "done deal" whose value was obvious. But I returned to it a convert after ten years as a critical-care pediatrician. Kids are the most vulnerable, with their poorly developed immune systems. They are also the most vulnerable to the politicization of the public good, the only ones without a direct say in the debates about their welfare.

Parents are understandably confused, but rising polarization isn't helping. Amid the controversy, it's easy to miss the point: a very serious disease is getting on with its job of invading, infecting and re-colonizing the country, and we are losing control of it. The "herd" can afford an occasional, unvaccinated free-rider, but when large numbers of people place their own ideologies and idiosyncrasies above public health, it is children who suffer the consequences.

It is particularly because of these children that we need to take infectious disease more seriously. And in an increasingly crowded and connected world, we need to think of public health not simply locally but globally. Air travel means it is impossible to stop viruses from spreading around the planet, and building the homeland walls higher won't help; the only reliable antidote is global public health. We have to pay attention to the neglect of infrastructure in West Africa, where Ebola erupted, and the Syrian military's deliberate destruction of public-health systems in opposition-held areas, where polio emerged. Middle East respiratory syndrome now threatens from the Persian Gulf. All of these diseases can easily spread to the West, with profound implications. Just look at the effect of a few cases of Ebola in the United States.

If the threat of measles isn't enough for you to reject anti-vaccination folklore, here's a little-known fact about the benefit of vaccination. The measles vaccine doesn't only protect against measles. Because it contains a small amount of a live virus, the immune system must rev up to fight it, which in turn reduces mortality from other infectious diseases—including pneumonia and sepsis—by 50 percent. This protective effect lasts until a vaccine is administered with a killed rather than a live virus, such as the one for diphtheria and tetanus. So do you want to protect your kids? Give them the measles vaccine.

And all of us should get educated. Education is a social vaccine against the sustained ignorance that blocks effective responses to public-health threats. But education alone is not sufficient to overcome self-interest. We all need to act for the public good. Individuals and institutions that are allowed to prioritize personal preference or financial and political gain ahead of children's health are irresponsible and unethical, and they should not call the shots. In the short term, children's health and lives are at risk; in the long term, we jeopardize the local and global control of these previously conquered diseases. Prevention is not only better than cure—which isn't an option for most of these diseases—it's also more cost-effective.

Our common desire to protect children's health was always the best reason to eliminate these diseases, and it remains our best hope for bringing us all back to common ground. Let's not allow spin doctors and myths to prevail over our shared aim of shielding the world's children from the world's oldest and deadliest diseases. ■

Annie Sparrow, a pediatrician and public-health expert, is assistant professor and deputy director of the Human Rights Program at the Arnhold Global Health Institute at Mount Sinai in New York.

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Letters

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(continued from page 2)

Elizabeth Warren openly supported Israel's scorched-earth tactics against Palestinians and condoned the massacre in Gaza. She is no progressive, and if somebody were to tell me she is not running for president, I would savor that news with a sigh of relief. SASBOY

Warren in Verse

Lizzy Warren told the facts
And gave ol' Wall Street forty whacks
The banksters shuddered and did wail:
This woman wants us all in jail!

The SEC did dish out fines
(a pittance to their bottom lines)
When Gitmo's empty of its guests
Let's fill it with these greedy pests. BOB KENYON
BATAVIA, ILL.

The Odd Couplet

There are only 40,000 publishing poets in the United States, which means that I can think of a good 39,999 less inappropriate to the pages of *The Nation* than *The New Criterion*'s William Logan ["Snow," March 2/9]. What next? Rick Santorum filling in for Katha Pollitt? At least Calvin Trillin doesn't have to tack on an unnecessary "perhaps" just to make his rhymes work. RON SILLIMAN
PAOLI, PA.

Heard It Here First

Many thanks for bringing a great American laureate to bear on the "efficacy" of air power as an instrument of US foreign policy [John Ashbery, "Forget Where I Heard It," March 2/9]. Our poetry appreciation club has just voted to adopt the central line of this trenchant critique as our motto: "Otherwise, as coma says, my beans, my peas, my coma...."
JOHN S. HARRIS
ST. LOUIS

Stranger Than Fiction

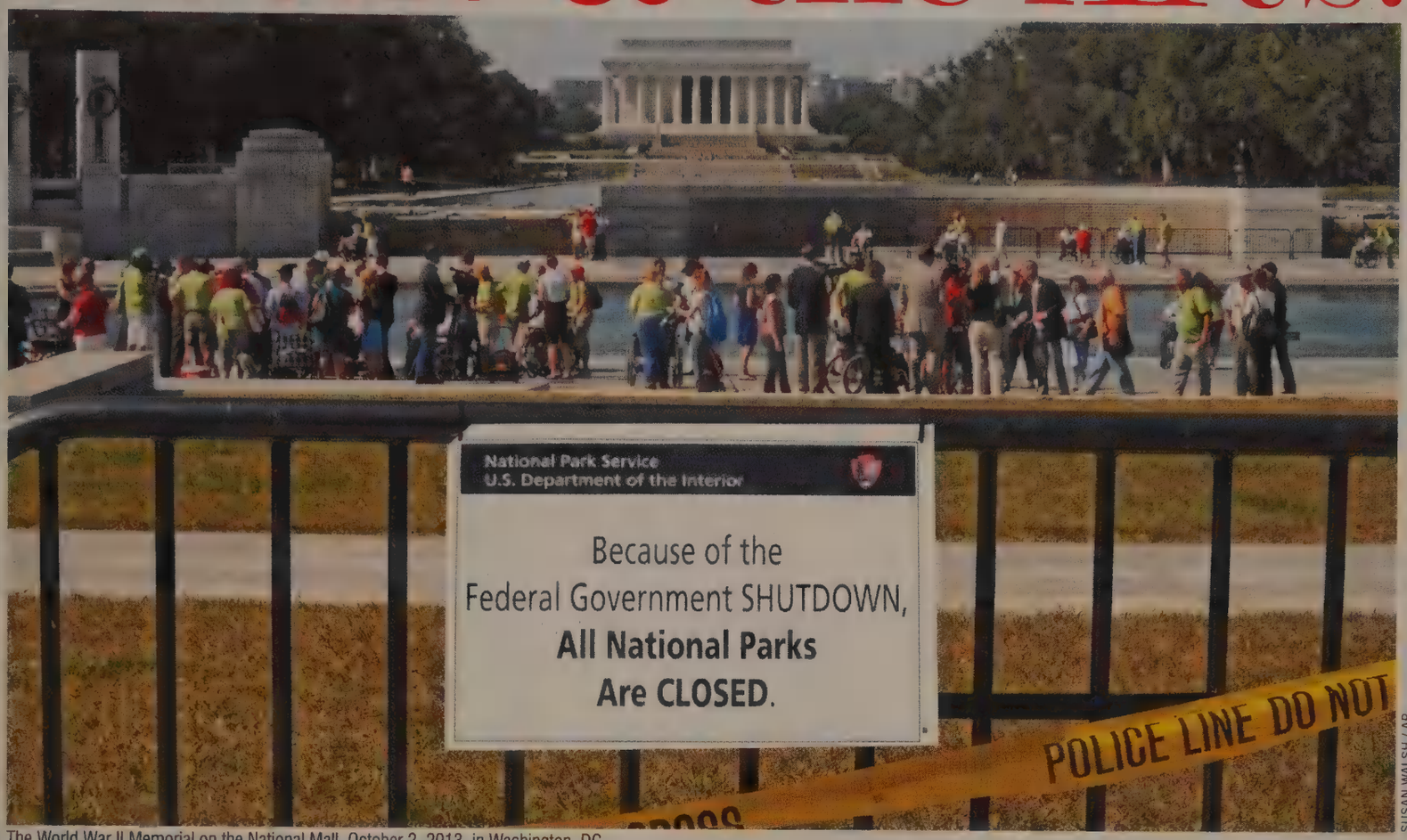
Alice Kaplan omits an important fact from her discussion of Albert Camus's story "The Guest" ["Camus Redux," Feb. 23]: the fact that French colonial policy, between the 1870s and 1940, replaced Algerian wheat fields with vineyards. As Philip Naylor writes in his history of France and Algeria, this was "a stark repudiation of the colonized's identity, given the Muslim proscription of alcohol." Furthermore, the land that this policy left to Algerians "was usually poor" and could be cultivated "only by traditional methods that hastened erosion," leading to soil exhaustion and, ultimately, "starvation."

This fact clarifies the plight of the prisoner in the story, a nameless Arab reduced to murder in a fight with a kinsman over grain. As Kaplan recognizes, the Arab (or the story) "speaks the truth" in questioning whether, in the midst of a famine, any European has "the right to judge the Arabs," and whether it was "too late for a European to break bread with his Arab brothers." But "The Guest" also challenges its readers to remember or discover the history behind this truth, a history that must have been well-known to Camus and to the brothers of the nameless prisoner in his story.
ANITA E. FELDMAN
NEW YORK

Correction

In Michael T. Klare's "2, 3, Many Vietnams" (March 16), the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of main-force US troops into Vietnam was mistakenly identified, through no fault of the writer, as February 1965. The correct date is March 1965.

Books & the Arts.



SUSAN WALSH / AP

The World War II Memorial on the National Mall, October 2, 2013, in Washington, DC

The Great Chastening

by THOMAS MEANEY

When American traders began arriving in China at the close of the eighteenth century, local officials were curious about their new visitors. One of the earliest Chinese descriptions of Americans appeared in a dispatch sent by the governor of Liang-Guang province to the imperial court in Beijing:

> These barbarians have no monarch whatsoever, only a headman. The tribe publicly selects several men, who serve in succession according to the drawing of lots, for terms of four years apiece. Commercial affairs are managed independently by private individuals who are not controlled or disputed by the headman.

The Qing dynasty was perplexed by a people who could do without a king or a centrally administered market. Fifty years later, when Ulysses Grant, after his presidency, became the first US leader to travel to China, his visit presented a problem for Shanghai copy desks. They settled on referring to him as *huangdi* (emperor). By then, many Chinese were aware that the United States was ostensibly ruled by elected representatives, but to use the newfangled Chinese character for "president" still seemed like a sign of disrespect. Then, as now, to be a democratic leader touring China was a bit of an embarrassment.

That the Chinese government today should peer through our electoral robes and find our body politic wanting should not be surprising. To see China as perpetually on the brink of a democratic awakening is to mistake the contingencies of its history for our dreams deferred. China's flirtation with elections in the wake of Sun Yat-sen's 1911 revolution was a brief encounter. The country did not become a democracy during the populist May Fourth Movement a few years later, when Chinese student demonstrators learned Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points by heart. It did not become a democracy after World War II, when the gentle offices of Gen. George Marshall tried to coax the Kuomintang and the communists into a unity government. It did not become a democracy in Tiananmen Square in 1989, when Gorbachev became an anti-example for the government. It is not about to become one now.

To be sure, the country does face severe crises—corruption that has set the party against itself; a judiciary in thrall to the Politburo; separatist and democracy movements in Tibet, Xinjiang and Hong Kong; pollution levels that suddenly appear intol-

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Thomas Meaney last reported in these pages on democracy in Indonesia. The statement about "barbarians" at the start of this review, and quoted by Dunn, should be credited to Yuezhi Xiong, who brought it to light in his article "Difficulties in Comprehension and Differences in Expression: Interpreting American Democracy in the Late Qing" in the journal Late Imperial China.

erable to its citizens; and an economy beset by excess liquidity and shrinking demand in export markets. Most daunting of all, there is China's need to feed its people and diminish its reliance on imported food, which may soon require the most ambitious land reform in history. Whether it is effected through privatization or some other means, the expansion of industrial-size farms in China to satisfy the new diet of its middle class could create an enormous tide of landless peasants, whose grievances might overwhelm a party that still owes some of its legitimacy to its original redistribution of land in 1950.

But is procedural democracy the answer to any of these problems? It seems unlikely. What's clear is that the Chinese leadership does not see it as a solution, and that its tolerance for what it perceives as "foreign" concepts and ideas may be approaching a limit. In 2013, Beijing restricted academic research on seven so-called speak-nots: civil society, citizens' rights, freedom of the press, human rights, mistakes made by the party, the privileges of capitalism and the independence of the judiciary. This intellectual xenophobia becomes more comprehensible when one considers that the postwar history of China is largely the tale of two outside ideological incursions: first, Mao's ill-starred consolidation of a Soviet-inspired program, which even Stalin cautioned against; second, Deng Xiaoping's domestication of market-oriented initiatives that the Communist Party has, since the 1970s, only been able to manage through a policy of maximal ideological flexibility.

The leaders of China today no longer look to the country's deep past, nor to Western expertise, to determine what course to take. Instead, under President Xi Jinping, the government has further stressed its divergence from the path of Anglo-American political development, though its propaganda remains crude and derivative: China now has its own "Chinese Dream," centered, more forthrightly than ours, on material well-being; it issues its own human-rights reports, which rate the United States very badly; and it has its own form of exceptionalism, which, unlike the American version, is based on the more candid view that no other country could possibly mimic China's sui generis ascent. In recent months, Xi has also called for a return to the Chinese Constitution, a party document full of vacuous clauses about religious and press freedoms that Chinese leaders will now have to swear to uphold. The initiative is part of Xi's anticorruption campaign, but the 1982 Constitution remains a document as open to interpretation as ours, and could become a means of shaming the state were it to take on a life of its own.

If the Chinese example poses a challenge to Western politicians and political theorists, the reason is not because it offers states around the world an attractive authoritarian alternative to liberal democracy—at least not yet—nor because it has, more impressively, done more for its people in the past thirty years, in relative terms, than any Western government has done for its own. More simply, it is because China shows that in the twenty-first century a functioning state can rule over and claim the allegiance of more than a billion people without any pretense of liberal-democratic governance. Among some Anglo-American observers today, one detects the sort of admiration for China that in the nineteenth century was directed toward the bureaucratic efficiency of the Prussian state. It seems at least possible that in the near future the world will have something concrete to learn about the possibilities of the modern state from the Chinese experience. Already, China presents us with the unsettling fact that democratic rule does not automatically entail favorable economic or political outcomes—a lesson we apparently still haven't learned from the last century. The point is not that China has become a model for governance, but that the pretense of any model, including a Western one, being stable and exportable is getting harder to uphold. Under democracy, we may be fortunate enough to experience good government, but good government is far from something that democracy guarantees—in theory, much less in practice.

Discussed in This Essay

Political Order and Political Decay
From the Industrial Revolution to the Globalization of Democracy.
By Francis Fukuyama.
Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 658 pp. $35.

Breaking Democracy's Spell
By John Dunn.
Yale. 192 pp. $35.

Tocqueville's Nightmare
The Administrative State Emerges in America, 1900–1940.
By Daniel R. Ernst.
Oxford. 240 pp. $39.95.

The Royalist Revolution
Monarchy and the American Founding.
By Eric Nelson.
Harvard. 391 pp. $29.95.

Francis Fukuyama is the West's most popular political theorist; John Dunn is one of its more trenchant and tenacious. In their new books, they acknowledge, in very different ways, the great chastening of Western democracies by the Chinese experiment. Fukuyama, whose writings are already primary sources for the history of the post–Cold War order, is an exemplary product of the era's marriage between social science and American power. He has made a career of moving smoothly between the academy and the Beltway, and the ease of his passage is reflected in his unadorned prose. Dunn, by contrast, has a historically steeper vision marked by his childhood in the British Empire; it has been rumored that the plan for the 1953 Anglo-American coup against Mossadegh was hatched in his family's garden in Tehran. Dunn's intellectual itinerary has taken him well beyond the erstwhile linguistic idealists of the Cambridge School to studies of postcolonial states and toward what might be termed "global political thought," which would mean monitoring the traffic of political ideas as they are injected and appropriated throughout the world. Dunn is known for the skeptical heat he applies to his colleagues' imprecisions and pieties, especially the disjuncture between political hopes and outcomes, whether they have looked forward to socialism or market-centered liberalism, or backward to some form of virtuous republicanism. His prose is intellectually bracing, sometimes opaque, but often flashes with insight. He is a late expositor of what Cyril Connolly called the Mandarin style: "Its cardinal assumption is that neither the writer nor the reader is in a hurry, that both are in possession of a classical education and a private income."

Between them, Fukuyama and Dunn offer a good sense of the current state of Anglo-American thinking—and forgetting—about democracy. Instead of gauging the prospects of liberal democracy around the world, as both made a habit of in the twilight of the Cold War, they have turned their gazes inward to consider the internal state of actually existing democracies. Both of them address their books to American audiences. It must be a sign of the times that Fukuyama's serenades to the owl of Minerva have given way to prosaic tributes to the professionalism of the 1920s US Forestry Service. In *Political Order and Political Decay*, he has written a book that shows how the country's governmental institutions are decaying, and how Ameri-

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cans have created obstacles that impair their ability to govern effectively. (Academics may scoff at Fukuyama for the scale of his historical sweep, but at this point some gratitude is in order for a man who has synthesized an immense amount of the specialist literature of the social sciences and produced an account others will have the luxury to pick apart.) With sharper blades, Dunn—who has been for decades one of the most articulate critics in the face of democratic triumphalism—now seeks to clear a path out of the maze of our ill-founded aspirations and confusions. In *Breaking Democracy's Spell*, he has concentrated on how, despite all appearances, we have never really known what democratic rule is in the first place. For all their differences in approach and tone, however, both Dunn and Fukuyama agree that the democratic crisis is in the main the result of an intellectual failure. Only once the reasons for this failure are firmly grasped can the work of renovation begin.

For Dunn, our confusion about the meaning of democracy is contained in the tangled trajectory of the word itself. No ancient Greek understood *demokratia* to mean anything close to good government, nor did almost anyone in the West until the latter half of the nineteenth century. "Democracy" meant something closer to mob rule that, in its best-known expression in ancient Greece, appeared to have been a spectacular failure. But in the United States, and elsewhere around the world, the word "democracy" today is taken to be synonymous with good government—"not in the sense of government with reliably desirable consequences, but in the sense of government exercised on a wholly appropriate basis and through unimpeachable means, government fully sanctioned by the people and exerted in the spirit and through modes that the latter have explicitly chosen or through means they would definitely welcome," Dunn writes. In other words, "democracy" connotes multiple political utopias for diverse peoples around the world. The problem, as Dunn shows, is that "democracy" is also the conventional term for the political order in which we actually live, and which "all too frequently conflicts agonizingly with many of [our] most urgent purposes and deepest commitments." How are we to reconcile the disparity between democracy as an ideal and democracy in practice? Or, as Dunn puts it, "Is American government today so confused, so fractious, and so dysfunctional despite democracy or because of democracy?"

Americans may like to think they are better governed than the Chinese, but the only identifiable advantage they can hold up in their favor is that they have the right to replace a tier of their government at regular intervals. However, this rejectionist spirit all too often becomes the sole raison d'être of democracy. (Among the so-called minimalists of democratic theory, from Joseph Schumpeter to Adam Przeworski, it often is cited as its saving grace.) To demand democracy in Egypt during the Arab uprising more often than not meant to demand the end of Hosni Mubarak's rule. "The people want the fall of the regime" was the chant that filled Tahrir Square. Democracy provided no reliable guide for what to do after the strongman fell, or even how to form the necessary political judgment to know what to do. As a way of providing people with a minimum, if largely fleeting and ethereal, sense of participating in a polity, democracy will continue to have a rhetorical advantage over the Chinese system for as long as it can keep up the fiction of granting effective political agency. Yet it is far from clear that procedural democracy is superior at actually governing people under the conditions in which the Chinese currently find themselves.

The account of democracy in *Political Order* is one piece of Dunn's puzzle. Like Dunn, Fukuyama is concerned with the "pseudo-democratic authorization of almost everything in the United States." His book is a remarkably levelheaded and empirically grounded account of how certain homegrown ideas about democracy in America have created daunting obstacles to effective governance. To his credit, Fukuyama has not written a new entry in the fashionable genre of American decline. Nor is he concerned with conservative critiques of American society and culture, which go back at least as far as Brooks Adams's *The Law of Civilization and Decay* (1895). Instead, Fukuyama has tackled something more precise and disturbing: the political decay of American political institutions. In the 1960s, Samuel Huntington used the term "political decay" to explain political instability in many newly independent countries after World War II, but for Fukuyama the problem that once afflicted the international periphery now bedevils the core. Central to his argument is the assumption that the United States in particular has lost the balance between democratic oversight and bureaucratic capacity. The problem is not that there is too much bureaucracy, or too much state power, or anything resembling an imperial presidency, but rather that each of these institutions has deteriorated beyond recognition and suffers from a deficit of legitimacy.

As Fukuyama sees it, the American state, starting in the second half of the twentieth century, stopped running according to Madisonian principles, in which the disarray of interest groups was supposed to produce something recognizable as the public interest. It requires ever more elaborate fictions to believe that even the "spontaneous order" of the market could satisfy such an interest. In Fukuyama's infinitely expansive historical tapestry, the capture of the American state by elite interests and lobbying groups is comparable to the "repatrimonialization" of the Chinese state in the Later Han dynasty or to France's ancien régime. In itself, the problem of repatrimonialization in America would be solvable in the sort of anticorruption campaigns engineered in the past to purge the bureaucracy of rent-seeking, such as Teddy Roosevelt's progressivist campaign in the 1900s.

But the second problem Fukuyama finds in the American state makes this more difficult. The checks and balances of the Madisonian system allow too many opportunities to derail reform. The never-ending character of American budget negotiations gives lobbyists and interest groups repeated chances to kill legislation. This is what Fukuyama refers to as the American "vetocracy." By contrast, both the German and the British states have comparably fewer veto players and have formal restrictions that make vetoes less easy to perform. The German Federal Republic has provisions for a "positive" vote of no-confidence: "a party cannot topple a government coalition...unless it can put together an alternative government" in its place. The United Kingdom does not allow individual interest groups and politicians to veto individual items on the national budget. Instead, the entire budget is presented to the Parliament, which must either veto it or approve it all at once. Fukuyama takes this to be a more genuinely democratic system. If British voters don't like the kinds of policies their current government is passing, they are free to vote the government out in less time than it would take Americans to vote out a president or congressional representative. This means the British government is supposedly more accountable for its overall performance than for its ability to provide pork barrel benefits to special portions of the electorate. (Fukuyama neglects to explain, however, why the short terms of US representatives

only seem to render them less accountable.)

As for Americans, we may love democracy less and cherish bureaucracy more than we care to admit. Fukuyama cites a poll showing the institutions that receive the highest levels of approval from the citizenry—the military, NASA, the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention—are the ones least subject to democratic oversight. By contrast, the most democratic American institution—Congress—is the most despised. This leads Fukuyama to explain a factor contributing to the decay of American political institutions: drastically low levels of bureaucratic autonomy and discretion. US bureaucracies and agencies, according to Fukuyama, are not granted enough free rein. His examples are the US Forestry Service and Amtrak. Amtrak might have become a profitable, effective railway, Fukuyama says, "if it were not under congressional mandates to serve various low-volume rural communities." (It doesn't seem to occur to him that part of the problem may be the expectation that the government maintain profitable agencies.) He makes a similar case for the Forestry Service, founded in 1905 by Gifford Pinchot, and once a vaunted example of US state-building in the Progressive era. It was staffed by professionals who were allowed to manage the forest according to the best scientific knowledge of the day, without much political or judicial interference.

For Fukuyama, bureaucracies such as the Forestry Service became thoroughly politicized during the postwar revolt against technocrats, to the point that they lost much of their bureaucratic autonomy. Interest groups—though Fukuyama hesitates to supply examples—began to find legal ways of capturing legislatures. Because they exercise an influence disproportionate to their place in society and manipulate budgets in their favor, interest groups have led to what Fukuyama calls "a crisis of representativeness," in which people's distrust in government increases "in part because of reforms designed to make the system more democratic." And so starts a circle in which the government responds to public distrust by further decreasing the bureaucratic autonomy of the state, which in turn encourages more incompetence and more vulnerability to the sway of special interests.

Political Order and Political Decay is cogent as far as it goes. The problem is that it does not always go very far. In Fukuyama's account, many of the deepest reasons for the decrepitude of sectors of the US state owe to the way it was originally designed by the founders. Here he recapitulates his teacher Samuel Huntington's 1968 masterwork *Political Order in Changing Societies*, which devoted a large section to the antique political structures of the American system inherited from England. In Huntington's judgment, the colonists imported the English sixteenth-century constitution to America at precisely the moment when it was being dispensed with in the home country. This led to a polity that has "never been underdeveloped" but, as Huntington correctly noted, "has also never been wholly modern." The nineteenth-century Chinese observer who saw the Americans as lacking a monarch was in some sense mistaken: many of the American revolutionaries saw themselves as defending King George III against a wayward Parliament as partisans of a stronger, not a weaker, monarchy.

As Eric Nelson shows in *The Royalist Revolution*, a scrupulous archaeology of American revolutionary thought, many colonists were quite clear-eyed about their mission to protect the prerogatives of a strong monarch from an English Parliament that seemed determined to restrain them. The victorious revolutionaries granted their new

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Followed by a talk-back with **Kopple, Katrina vanden Heuvel** and **Amy Wilentz** and including introductory remarks by **Norman Lear**. This event is free, but tickets are required. They are available at the box office one hour before the program. Early arrival is recommended. Tickets are available one per person on a first-come, first-served basis. Go to hammer.ucla.edu for info.

"president" monarchical powers and feted George Washington to the tune of "God Save the King" in his first years in office. "Today America still has a king, Britain only a crown," wrote Huntington. The presidential veto was only one of the royalist elements that the neo-Stuart defenders of prerogative power managed to smuggle into the American Constitution. The new nation was also reluctant to embrace modern elements of the state, such as positive law or a standing army, while its peculiar conception of judicial review testified to another early modern holdover and faintly resembled the way Tudor and early Stuart courts had used common law to control acts of Parliament. It was a development as "baffling to understand as it is impossible to duplicate."

Fukuyama's book is an elaboration of Huntington's 1960s script about the development of the American state. Yet while both lament the judicialization of American institutions and the shift of power from the administration to the courts, they fail to give a full accounting of why this shift got under way. The seventeenth century is not the place to look. As Fukuyama acknowledges, the US state was already gathering exponential administrative capacity by the start of the twentieth century. It continued to grow and to seek opportunities to manage the conflicts of labor and capital in American society well into the 1940s. The subsequent judicialization of the state in large part owed to the revolt by business and capital interests against this emerging regulatory regime. In the interwar years, these interests, represented by groups such as the American Bar Association and the American Liberty League, began to recast contract and property rights in the language of civil liberties in order to invite increasingly pro–New Deal courts to check the prerogatives of administrative power.

As Daniel Ernst shows in his illuminating legal history *Tocqueville's Nightmare*, the US administrative state could still count on a wide range of legal defenders in the 1930s—from Jerome Frank to John Foster Dulles—to neutralize the attacks of both principled and red-baiting legal theorists, such as Roscoe Pound, who wished to cast agencies such as the Securities and Exchange Commission as instances of "administrative absolutism," and sought to subject every step of their investigations to review by the courts. Judicial review nonetheless remained the preferred method for those looking to restrain Truman's extension of New Deal policies during the early Cold War. These economic conservatives finally started to succeed when, as the legal scholar Jeremy Kessler has argued, they began riding on the legal coattails of religious and conscientious objectors, and connecting their struggles, and the genuine worries about authoritarian overreach they fed, with calls for greater judicial review of the entire administrative state. Through this strategy of aligning with civil-liberties groups, which continues unabated today, business interests were able to paralyze many arms of the administrative state while obscuring the directness of their assault.

Unlike Fukuyama, Dunn is not encumbered by the need to show that democracy has any natural affinity with either capitalism or the rule of law, and so it is tonic to read the highly distilled essays in *Breaking Democracy's Spell* (originally delivered as the Henry L. Stimson Lectures at Yale). Capitalism and the rule of law are distinct ways of organizing economic, legal and political life, and their permutations are more various than most Americans are willing to admit. There have been authoritarian market societies (Singapore), just as there could be democratically planned societies (Britain under Attlee). Whereas Fukuyama, because he has not quite given up on liberal democracy as a model for governance, sees evidence of it taking root in various parts of the world over the past two millennia (the rule of law in China, political accountability in India, property rights in Europe), Dunn thinks that liberal democracy's global ascent is "an uneven, reluctant, painful series of surrenders of an immense miscellany of other kinds of belief." Democracy, he argues, triumphed in most places and times because it served as an expedient for one group of elites seeking to banish another from the political stage. If we are to retrain our political vision in the present, the answer, Dunn suggests, is not simply to strengthen already existing governmental institutions, or to try to recover some of the glory of the mid-century administrative state. Alongside this, Dunn proposes a more urgent form of political education for Western elites. We have, he argues, entered into a new world in which we can no longer afford to misinterpret the political reasoning and imaginations of the rest of the globe.

When it comes to Chinese-American relations, the modus vivendi proposed by Henry Kissinger, in which China and the United States must acknowledge their common interest in a global balance of power, is as dangerous as the democratic evangelism of Samantha Power, the US ambassador to the UN. The point of refining our political vision is to grasp what our fellow governments are trying to achieve, what political and historical resources they have to achieve it, and how we can work toward types of governance that address global crises, but to which no one country should be thought to have a privileged claim. Dunn's answer to all of this is unsatisfactory: he believes we must put our faith in "educating the educators" in the hope that there is enough Dunnian political temperament to go around. This will never be the case. But Dunn is right that a new global political architecture will be necessary if we are to weather the upcoming storms—many of them literal ones. "A species facing self-extermination, even at a relatively sedate pace, has reasons for altering its behavior," he writes with his inimitable sang-froid.

No less true is Dunn's belief that political elites for some time to come will continue to be produced by a handful of great universities. The Ivy League has begun graduating the children of the upper echelons of China's Communist government—not only the princelings with Ferraris but also the more dutiful sons and daughters who have now taken up supervisory posts in the provinces, the typical path to power, and may someday inherit the party. China, too, educates distant elites: the president of Ethiopia is a graduate of Peking University, and the prime minister of Kazakhstan studied at Wuhan. Any convergence and free exchange of political thought are more likely to take place among privileged ranks. But however many incentives they have, it still seems too sanguine to bet the future of the world on King's College seminars. If global political thought is to contribute anything substantial to our predicament, every part of the world will need to be able to think of itself as contributing to its emergence. The palliative term "democracy" could be replaced with franker language that actually describes the operations and aspirations of real, existing states and citizens, and does not encourage their crude attempts to wrap themselves in a misnomer. One senses more frustration about this lack of realism among Chinese leaders than among their American counterparts. This is a delicate, and perhaps impossible, enterprise. But there is no longer much excuse—or much time—for perplexity at foreign ways of politically coping that are not outright aggressive. To see others as barbarians is no kind of solution. ■

Insoumission

by STÉPHANE DELORME

The five days from January 7 to 11, from the massacre at *Charlie Hebdo* to the Sunday marches all over France, drove us into a storm that's impossible to escape. What sense can be made of this event? We have cried, we have been angry, we have paid tribute. But all of that is nothing compared with the event's scope, which goes far beyond us. We must see what kind of future it leads to, and be cautious about how we interpret it now. It is an opportunity to re-evaluate everything, and to ask fundamental questions: How do we live? What examples do we have? What examples do we set? The image by Blutch on the issue's cover [see page 34] tells us how to stand firm in the chaos, how fragile that position is, and of the world's difficult balancing act in the face of terror. It also suggests that an indefatigable conviction can hold the dogs at bay—hence the insolent middle finger.

1. The press. The terrorists did not walk into a cabinet session or political gathering, but an editorial meeting. This act may remain etched in our memories as a sacrilege: by crossing that threshold, the terrorists abruptly sanctified that space, which became like the holy of holies. In the thick of a propaganda war, the terrorists didn't attack sites of political power, but a mirror of their own activities—places that spread information and opinion. This event has bolstered the press's strength and its power. These armed propaganda units think the Western press is pure propaganda. Their reasoning overlooks the real alternative: in the face of propaganda, there can certainly be other sources of propaganda (as seen in the United States through the aberrations of Fox News), but, most important, there can be thought, subtlety and intelligence. Propaganda aims to manipulate souls and confine bodies to ensure the dictatorship of terror. Its religious nature is only secondary. God is only a pretext.

At a time when the press is moribund, with *Charlie* itself staring into the abyss, terrorists are ironically the only ones to grant it such importance. By a scary paradox, images of the Prophet are all over the Internet, but only printing them counts as blasphemy. Coming from a religion of the Book, Islamic terrorists may well be the last to continue to believe in the power of the actual press. This is a disturbing thought for those working in print media. The 6 AM lines on the morning of the release of *Charlie*'s "week after" issue left some newspaper vendors bitter but also served to show distracted readers immersed in their iPhones the extent to which the newsstand network has shrunk. Where can you look for *Charlie* when half of the newsstands have disappeared? Luz said it magnificently: draw, make newspapers, make magazines. Love paper. What is written remains. On the contrary, the terrorists have chosen to fight on the Internet. The drawing pencil was certainly brandished against the Kalashnikov, but also against the digital dissemination of jihadist videos. A drawing in the January 14 edition of *Charlie* ironically noted the absurd detail of the Kouachi brothers dying in a printing shop: "*After the visit to the paper, I'm worried that death in the printing shop might seem too intellectual.*" That's exactly it. The attack was not directed at the political. Those who were targeted and affected were us, the *intellectuals*.

2. The spirit. During the Sunday marches, many demonstrators discovered that they were laying claim to a spirit. In fact, they were demonstrating not so much for secularism and freedom of expression as for the plain and simple right to laugh about things. To be insolent, biting, critical, satirical. To be witty, mocking, funny. The best commentaries on the fanatics are by satirists. Who today will point out the golden beard of the cleric from Al Qaeda in the Arabian Peninsula who claimed responsibility for the massacre? A caricature by Cabu would have done the job, but the newspapers are too solemn to allow themselves that. Luckily, the gathering of heads of state was hilarious: the entire world, including the fiercest enemies of press freedom, was marching behind *Charlie Hebdo*. You could complain about it, but you could also just laugh. It's a magnificent thumbing of the nose. It was as if satire was entering reality. Everyone became his or her own caricature. The world has been like *Ubu Roi* for a while now, but for the course of one demonstration the world was finally right side up, with the satirists in front, and the kings behind.

Charlie carries on a French spirit that has taken diverse, even contradictory shapes: Rabelais, La Bruyère, Voltaire, Daumier, but also Jarry and the Surrealists (Breton's "black humor"). There is also the commonplace that the French would die for a quip. But this attack touches on the country's recent history. By "killing" *Charlie*, the terrorists also attacked the spirit of irreverence in France since the 1960s. They attacked fifty years of history. Behind *Charlie*, there is the "dumb and mean" spirit of the satirical newspaper *Hara-Kiri*, Serge Gainsbourg's provocations, and *Droit de réponse* (a polemical talk-show that aired from 1981 to 1987 and featured journalists from *Charlie*), but also the irreverence of Godard (the *Hail Mary* scandal in 1985) and Pialat—all our headstrong figures. Don't touch our heroes. The contrast with the desert of today is saddening. We don't have many people left. Cynical baseness was spreading like an oil slick. We couldn't take it anymore, we were suffocating, the rats had invaded the ship.

The events provoked an unexpected reappropriation of "a French spirit" (but not the only such spirit), far removed from the pettiness of "national identity." The jeering country mocked the digital blurring of *Charlie* covers by news outlets in the United States. In Paris, the march from Place de la République to Place de la Nation awakened the pride of a people that made the Revolution. This spirit is conveyed through education. In this time of submission, teachers continue to read Molière's *Tartuffe* with their students—teachers, who are absurdly called "the last rampart of the Republic" (an idiotic expression also used to refer to the army, the police and firefighters), when they are actually the first hand to pass along knowledge. But the blindness of the authorities is to blame: if the *cult* of numbers and mathematics had not been implemented to the detriment of the arts and social sciences (but let's call them the "humanities"), there would be fewer children struggling with the world being offered to them. Learning the subtleties of language and thought, that is the priority.

3. Drawing. The release of Michel Houellebecq's novel *Soumission* on the day of the massacre was a frightening coincidence. We need to dwell on the signs. An event sparks thousands of signs, it is magical in its essence, it goes beyond comprehension. Everything takes on significance, because everything catches your mind. Like the pigeon droppings that landed on François Hollande just as he was greeting Luz. It's too good to be true, yet it's true. On the other hand, we have the sinister coincidence of *Soumission*'s publication on January 7, which

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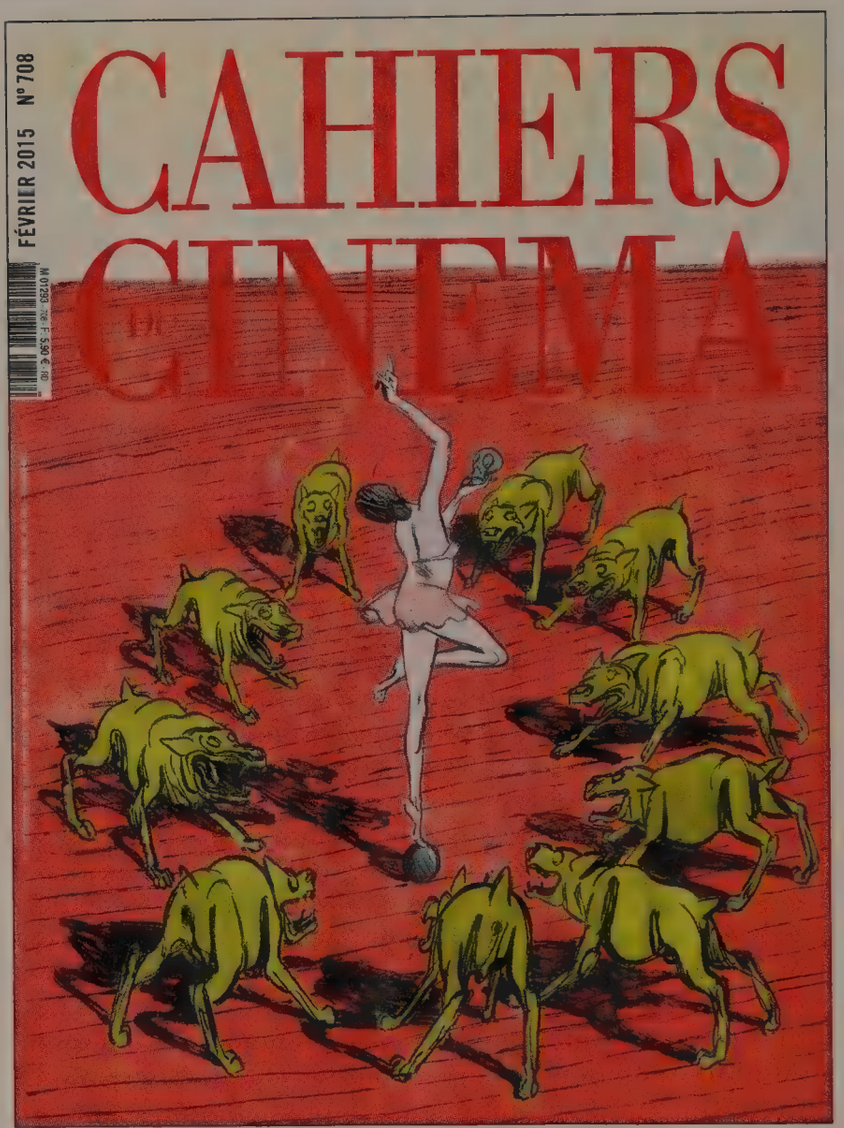
Stéphane Delorme is the editor in chief of Cahiers du Cinéma. *This editorial appeared in the magazine's February 2015 issue and was translated from the French by Nicholas Elliott. The* "insoumission" *of the title has a markedly more defiant spirit than the English "insubmission." It also alludes to Michel Houllebecq's novel* Soumission.

could only elicit anger. Though certain critics will strive to convince us of Houellebecq's talent, from now on and forever he will be tied to the massacre. The absolute indecency of this fetid and incendiary book's release on the same day was certainly not anyone's fault. But there are no coincidences when it comes to an event; it's as if everyone is frozen in an eternal photograph. Nicolas Sarkozy's elbowing his way into the photo of heads of state may long be his ball and chain.

So Houellebecq becomes a word, an idea, the anti-*Charlie*. With his obsession for sullying everything, he is the embodiment of "meh" France, the rancid, depressive France of the beginning of this century. A France already anachronistic. A France represented by this intellectual without convictions, who tries things out "just to see," to be less bored, who writes out of boredom. He is the typical French embodiment of a vintage trend, with his prose lifted from Flaubert, Céline and Sartre, but completely flattened out, deadly boring. He is the very picture of the writer without a conscience. Another sinister book was released at the same time, Jean Rolin's *Les Événements*, which shares Houellebecq's petit-bourgeois fantasy of a civil war led by extremists coming along to entertain us. Now we must hold tight and not let these opportunistic vultures prowl around. Every one of these uninspired writers mired in the sordid and the police blotter merely gathers the crumbs left behind by journalists. We have to put an end to these so-called X-rays of French society, which only reveal their authors' sad bile. If *Charlie* could make us understand once and for all that our era needs courage and conviction, and that we're done with spinelessness—that would be a step in the right direction.

We could also take note of how, since the 1990s, drawing has become a refuge for intelligence and conviction. Now that literature in France has primarily become an unimportant society game, drawing brims with an understanding of the world. Drawing has undone literature. Maybe the terrorists were not mistaken: they are attacking the true men of faith. As Luz said, the cartoonist has kept the soul of a child (he just draws "*little guys*") and that childlike part of him demands liberty and truth. This conviction is behind every drawing in *Charlie*.

No one has paid enough attention to the fact that a drawing is polysemous. We speak of "freedom of expression," yet it is not the words of journalists that are called into question, but the drawings of artists. The categorical imperative "Do not draw the Prophet" clashes with the thousand nuances of art. The "*All is forgiven*" on the cover of



Charlie Hebdo's "post-issue" has a double meaning: the Prophet forgives the offenses and rallies the cause of "*Je suis Charlie*," and the caricaturists forgive the extremists (the proof being that they are still laughing at them). At the same time, the reconciliation is provocative: it depicts the Prophet again (but "*it's my little guy*," says Luz) and the drawing mocks the co-option of *Charlie* through the "*Je suis Charlie*" logo. There's intelligence for you: a condensation that welcomes paradox, a subtlety that results in something like the drawing's meaning being placed in orbit and infinitely revolving on itself. It's the art of montage, of concision and sudden leaps that make us burst out laughing. We have to express our admiration for the living. How was *Charlie*'s team able to produce this issue? How did Luz find the idea for his genius cover? Luz deserves tremendous admiration for the way he was able to take on the responsibility for an "irresponsible paper" during these terrible days. For the way he was able to remain punk, with his army jacket and kamikaze headband, while speaking with great eloquence: his press conference was heartrending.

4. **The team.** We must also express what touches us, here at *Cahiers*. *Charlie* is a small team; the paper has a print run equivalent to our own. The team has been decimated. Yet Willem, Luz, Riss, and the younger Catherine and Coco have stood back up. That's enough to gather a team and start again. The "week after" issue was not open to contributors from around the world, but remained faithful to the usual team: a stubborn gesture of confidence in a "team." What is a team? It's the combination of a small number of united individuals and the spirit that drives them and spreads beyond them. *Charlie Hebdo* is an admirable example, which succeeds in mixing generations at a table, though they've had their share of arguments in the past. This is why the French were so affected by the massacre. Depending on your age, you could identify with Wolinski, Cabu or Charb.

The tragedy gives rise to a hope: that perhaps this attention to *Charlie* will raise awareness of the essential importance of a team. Today we need teams: minds gathering with a common goal. "Team" is the best word. A "group" is too closed in on itself, too homogenous, too dogmatic; a "gang" is too childish, potentially criminal. A "team" can go far, and *Cahiers* knows a thing or two about that: gather a few passionate film buffs and, Big Bang, it's the New Wave. A team does not stop, it moves forward with a common goal, it does not form an autarkic, closed, utopian community—it creates reality for all of us. Utopia is not a good concept, contrary to what those who yearn for the '60s and '70s would have us believe. All that matters is reality,

what is made here and now. In the name of an idea. We need a realism of every instant to effectively make the idea enter reality. For many people, *Charlie* was a gang of jokers, and that was true; they were buddies, but this gathering of intelligence and talent created a "spirit." A spirit is born when buddies gather to work together, for a long time, and then everything becomes possible. The team is the initial, primitive cell that allows the creation of ideas and solutions, in every field and for everyone.

5. The future. If this event is fundamental and has a scope that we certainly have difficulty imagining today, it is because a cause has been found. A spirit has become a cause. "Charlie" is not merely a vague "Liberty, I write your name." "Charlie" fills a political void. Everything about this event is a question of *faith*: What do we believe in? And therefore of action: What do we stand for? It confronts us with our actions. This is why the march cannot be taken lightly, particularly for those adolescents and young people who recognize themselves in its demands. What example do we set? For the terrorists, the battle is fought on the field of education, the transmission of a way of thought. This explains the recruitment of disappointed or angry youth at an idealistic age, literally without a cause to call their own, and whose dreams our era has made its (stupid and dangerous) mission to shatter. In the ocean of cynicism, the *Charlie* idea was a lifeline. So, of course, nothing is easier than burying the event, bemoaning the "hijacking" of *Charlie*, and acting as if nothing had changed. To grumble on and on, to mock "national unity"—we'll leave that to the professional whiners. The most important thing is this: the rats disappeared for a moment, and other, more intelligent faces appeared, such as Abdennour Bidar, a Muslim philosopher whose courage and lucidity circulated from editorials to talk-shows, and the rapper and filmmaker Abd Al Malik. Fascinating editorials succeeded each other in *Le Monde* and *Libération*, constantly getting better as the days passed, considering the event from every aspect. Suddenly everyone was writing, everyone was talking. It was as if the ice had been broken.

It could all come to an abrupt end or it could continue. It depends on us. To prepare the future, journalists must also live up to the event. Which words do we apply to things? While *Le Monde*'s newswire was the only reliable source during the events, the daily's role in naming the event is incomprehensible. How could it run the headline "The French 9/11" the day after the massacre? What is unique about an event is that it cannot be compared. By comparing, we summon vestiges, scraps of affects and ideas—we cause interference. The day after the march, the headline in *Le Monde* ran, "It was January 11," and then on Wednesday, "After January 11," as if to impose an analogy with 9/11. Does that mean that the march rather than the massacre is the event? The eleventh is merely the consequence of the seventh, amplified by the terror on Friday. For the moment, these five days compel us to speak about the events in the plural, because they do not have a name yet.

To block the rhetoric of terror, we must also be able to analyze images. The terrorists' scheme is to introduce images of war so we speak of "war" rather than "attacks." How remarkable that Friday's double assault on the Kouachi brothers and Amedy Coulibaly, shown through crosscutting, was aimed at two similar buildings, two big gray or black cubes, reminiscent of a barracks and a bunker. The anchors who don't look at what they are showing did not see that the Hyper Cacher supermarket is a dark green bunker relaying an image of "war" to dazed television viewers. Western journalists are tremendously naïve when it comes to the instinctive power of sound and images. On BFM TV, Christophe Hondelatte dared to proudly announce, "We are broadcasting Coulibaly's recording with the propaganda passages deleted because it is out of the question that we be complicit." But doesn't he realize that, by contradicting the "fanaticism" argument, the mere *calm* of Coulibaly's voice is as effective as any propaganda? We need journalists better equipped to face these images, or we'll be heading for disaster. Sometimes it's not so serious; we can force a laugh, as on the day of the march, when TF1 reporters started talking about the crowd of "anonymous people," as opposed to the group of heads of state. Since when are demonstrators "anonymous"? Was everyone supposed to be called "Charlie"? *Cahiers* had been thinking about returning to media critique for a while. We begin this month.

There's no need to be sorry that the irreverent *Charlie* has become a "symbol," for symbols take on great significance in an archaic war of images. If the word bothers you, just tell yourself that *Charlie Hebdo* has become an idea: one of courage, liberty and conviction. But don't forget other words: intelligence, impudence, irony, warmth, generosity, joy. And perseverance. *Charlie Hebdo* had asked for donations last November because it was in financial peril. The paper moved forward alone until finally there was this amazing recognition. Do not be bitter: this is how it is; important things are achieved alone, at night. Perseverance bears its fruit, even if this time fate interfered in a fashion too cruel. For our part, we have a model. Those men sitting around a table, we see them alive. Let us hope it is possible that this mental image will structure the political ideas of tomorrow. ■

Impossible Standards

by ADAM PLUNKETT

Vladimir Nabokov was hiking down a mountain on a summer afternoon. It was 1943, and he and his companion, James Laughlin, had made their way up a peak in northern Utah to find butterflies for Nabokov's collection. The light was fading, and they were in tennis shoes. The two of them slipped on a steep and icy snowfield and slid down the mountain until Nabokov caught an outcropping of rock with his butterfly net and Laughlin grabbed the Russian's foot and held on. Literature saved Laughlin's life, one could say—but only this once.

Laughlin was hosting the Nabokovs at a lodge in Alta, where he had begun to build ski lifts. He also happened to have introduced Nabokov to American audiences, a grand achievement in publishing but not Laughlin's first. He was 28 and had already brought out works by William Carlos Williams, Ezra Pound, Delmore Schwartz, Kenneth Patchen, John Berryman, Dylan Thomas, Henry Miller, Harry Levin, John Crowe Ransom—all of whom would come to define American modernism but had a hard time finding their way to decent American publishers. Laughlin

"Literchoor Is My Beat"
A Life of James Laughlin, Publisher of New Directions.
By Ian S. MacNiven.
Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 584 pp. $37.50.

The Collected Poems of James Laughlin
By James Laughlin.
Edited by Peter Glassgold.
New Directions. 1,214 pp. $49.95.

Adam Plunkett has written about poetry for a number of publications.

POLLY FORBES-JOHNSON

James Laughlin in his office in the White Cottage, Norfolk, Connecticut, 1941

began to lead what he called the "advance guard" of American writing as a 22-year-old sophomore at Harvard College. He ran his press, New Directions, for more than sixty years, and published roughly 1,500 books.

An entrepreneur and a publisher, Laughlin was the scion of a steel-fortune family in Pittsburgh. He also wrote poetry, a lot of it. Last fall, a hundred years after his birth and seventeen years after his death, Ian MacNiven published a thick biography of Laughlin, which has appeared alongside the publisher's *Collected Poems*, a 1,200-page brick. Together the books tell a story of public success and private disappointment and failure. Priceless anecdotes abound—Saul Bellow turning Laughlin into "Hildebrand the playboy publisher" in *Humboldt's Gift*; the 20-year-old Laughlin running Gertrude Stein's PR—and MacNiven is plausibly right to say of Laughlin that "more than any other person of the twentieth century," he "directed the course of American writing." But Laughlin, the unfortunate inheritor of his father's bipolarity, also comes off as a poor husband, a distant father, a priapic narcissist and a largely failed writer, becoming more anxious and depressed with age. One can see why: his literary obsessions led him to turn personal problems into aesthetic ones. His lack of moral vision reinforced his lack of artistic rigor, and vice versa, leaving him in the sway of his insecurities. It's a sad irony that he couldn't himself write the kind of imaginative work he published for the world in abundance, the kind that in challenging you is both good and good for you. The same course of events that launched him as a publisher clipped his wings as an artist when he was a very young man.

In 1933, after his freshman year at Harvard, Laughlin went to visit Ezra Pound in Rapallo, Italy, where the poet was living in self-imposed exile. Laughlin had begun to read Pound at boarding school, on the advice of an unusually good English teacher who knew the poet and was later happy to introduce his star pupil to him. Pound held forth in great, rambling speeches to whoever would listen, a sort of education in itself, which he called, without due modesty, the Ezuversity. Laughlin was transfixed.

Back at Harvard and living at Eliot House, Laughlin sent writing to his old schoolteacher that sounded strikingly Poundian. The older man was having none of it: Laughlin had better stop the imitation and write more "authentically." Laughlin heard far worse from Gertrude Stein, whom he met the next summer in Bilignin, France, after catching the eye of her friend Bernard Faÿ. She told Laughlin that he was untalented, the sort of young man who mistakes sensitivity for a literary gift, and that he had better do something useful, like steelmaking. (She didn't tell him not to write about her, although he quickly lost faith in the critical monograph he'd started.) Laughlin wrote, sounding like Stein, "Each time you know a great person you begin to know more and more that you yourself are not a great person." He was 20.

Laughlin liked to say that Pound convinced him to take up publishing by insulting his poetry. "Jaz," Pound supposedly said, "you're never gonna be any good as a poet.... You'd better become a publisher. You've prob'ly got enough brains fer that." MacNiven doubts that it happened precisely this way, but it might as well have: Laughlin's youthful ego was punctured, and in his writing it never recovered. Not that this impeded his publishing.

"I have a new direction and an increased confidence," wrote Laughlin, after his father signed over a fortune to him for his 21st birthday. He would publish an anthology of good new writing; its first edition was *New Directions 1936*. Laughlin followed up with a novel by one of his contributors, William Carlos Williams's *White Mule*, which was lauded so widely that it would've been an unequivocal triumph if Laughlin hadn't been skiing in New Zealand during the short surge of demand for the book. (Williams drove from Paterson, New Jersey, to New Directions' proto-offices in Norfolk, Connecticut, to try to print more copies himself, but Laughlin's father wouldn't let him.) Pound had told Laughlin months before his 21st birthday how badly Williams needed a good publisher.

Not all of Laughlin's judgments were Pound's, though: he put the 25-year-old Elizabeth Bishop in his first ND anthology on the recommendation of Marianne Moore. The early anthologies had more women than the front lists of early ND catalogs. Laughlin wanted to publish a book of Bishop's a few years later in a series called *Five Young American Poets*; she turned him down when he told her that having a woman in the series would lend it sex appeal. Still, the series had John Berryman and Randall Jarrell.

For all his early success as a publisher, Laughlin was cowed out of learning by imitation. Success probably made the problem even worse. He missed that phase in which artists try on any number of styles before they can make one of their own, and, after turning 21, would seldom again imitate any styles of poetry ambitiously, least of all those of the writers he published. (It must have been hard for him with all those giants standing on his shoulders, although he did borrow the cadences and plain American speech of William Carlos Williams, who freely issued those prescriptions to whoever would take them.) In his poetry, Laughlin found any number of ways to disavow creative ambition—by choosing arbitrary

constraints (too random to reflect his conviction), writing classically (more imitation than innovation), or, most often, writing lackadaisically, not trying much at all. The bulk of Laughlin's poetry came to him in a torrent in old age, when his earlier friends were dead or dying—including Pound, who was, as MacNiven writes, Laughlin's "intellectual father." Perhaps Laughlin would have been much more of a poet if he'd had more years to read in boring obscurity before meeting Pound. But then he might never have published Pound either.

Laughlin suffered from impossible standards: they were too high to try for, but nothing else would satisfy him. Hence the many poems in which he repeatedly apologizes for their being mere verse and not actual poetry—an *oeuvre* that seems never to end because it hardly ever really begins.

His moral standards seem to have been as impossible as his aesthetic ones when it came to love: he vacillated between the cold and draconian probity of his mother's Calvinism and his father's relentless philandering. He couldn't criticize himself without breaking himself, so he didn't try. In 1995, in his 80s, Laughlin published a poem about "a boy-doll named Harry" who'd been his "best friend":

> When I was eight my mother
> Snatched Harry and gave him
> To the Salvation Army. I never
> Saw him again. I don't know who
> Got him. There has been a hole
> In my heart ever since.

Out of context, these lines would sound like a parody of Freudian self-pity, but they're notable in that Laughlin describes a psychic wound without distancing himself from it. His mother is remote and punitive, as always—"My mother didn't talk to me a great deal unless she was planning a paddywhacking for some misdeed"—but she also hurts him by cutting off his social and imaginative life incomprehensibly. No matter what she actually did, he felt more than seventy years later that she had robbed him of her presence and his substitute for her. Were the double entendres in the poem—"snatch," "hole," even "Harry"—more than a psychological accident? It's wordplay for someone whose relationship to women was always that of a child—capricious, needy and reflexively self-centered—no more so than when his writing made his lust out to be holy.

"His Problem," as he wrote in a concurrent poem, "Was an excessive interest / In the life of language.... / The words built a wall around him, / Shutting him off from those / He should have loved." His problem wasn't only this, though, nor only that "He was passionately absorbed / In words," but that his words absorbed him in idealized sexual passion. It went beyond his anatomical fixations on "sexy legs and pretty little feet" and "sweet little breasts"—descriptions such as which prompted Denise Levertov, whom he published for decades, to take the page from which he had just read a poem to an audience at Houghton Library at Harvard and burn it on the steps of the building. His problem was that his prurience took the place of love. There are no poems that betray any effort of sympathy or care for his lovers, or any serious interest in mutual understanding or trust, but there are hundreds of lines in which he transposes ideals suited to them onto sex acts. "The sacrament," he writes in "Love Is Cumulative," is that

> When we make love you em-
> body whatever was beauti-
>
> ful in those who have gone
> before...
>
> in you it has all come to-
> gether the perfection of
>
> the sacrament

His flaws were not lost on him. "Your Error," he wrote, "was dehu- / manization it wasn't // a girl you wanted but / a love object"—a line that appears less than a seventh of the way through his *Collected Poems* and, in slightly different form, on the very last page. He calls himself a Narcissus who sees his lover in the water. He was haunted to the end of his life by dreams of his mother's frigidity and of him trying to pull a turtle out of its shell, possessing its body. He made fun of the way he needed women to mother him, and fantasized about him and his lover being children together. He wanted to note his egocentrism in the epigraph to his autobiography. "I admit that I was self-satisfied / and arrogant," he wrote shortly before his death in November 1997. "I didn't go to much pains / to provide diversions for my wife." Those lines are not exactly passionate, and he seems to have known his problems without feeling their urgency.

His conscience speaks most clearly in an early poem of his, "The Voices," in which "the tired / old voice in // the back of his head" "whines" that "It is sin it is sin it is a / deadly sin": "you'll / take her love but you can't / give yourself." His conscientiousness sounded like the whining voice of his mother's religion, so of course "the voice in the heart" drowns out "the back of his head" and even loves to transgress it:

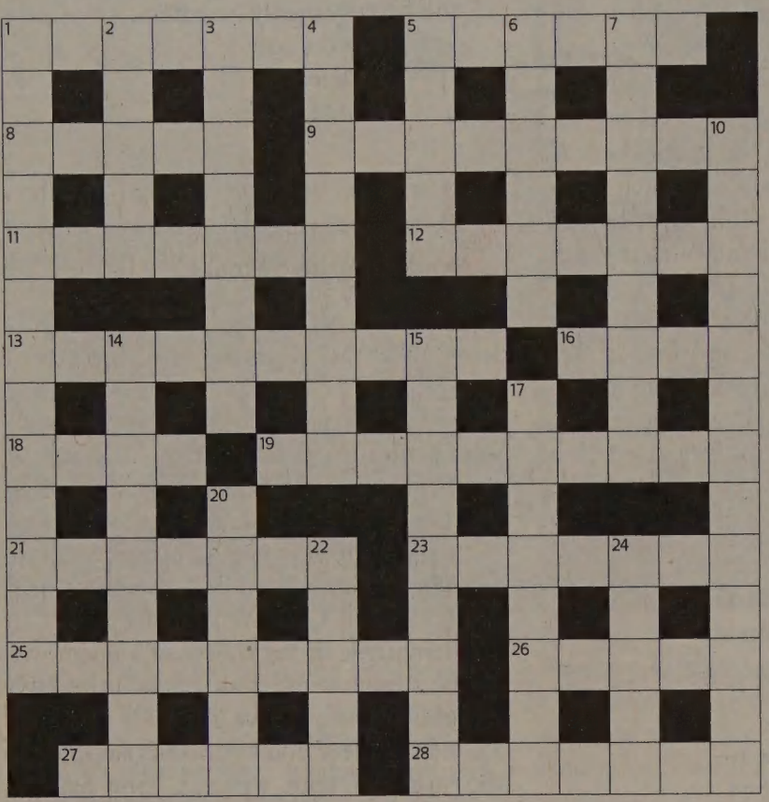
> ...and sadly
> and happily madly he enters
> again the soft
> and delectable
> battle of Love.

Stein was wrong to say that Laughlin lacked talent. He had a fine ear and exceptional taste (if not tastefulness), and you could fill a slim and powerful volume with poems of his that flawlessly effect the effects they describe. About his children, he writes, "my love of them / fills me all full of soft feelings," the line welling up with rhymes as soft and unexpected as his affections. A poem about an Italian girl from his youth has all the disorienting excitement of a young bilingual love affair ("we're enchanted in / another world O Giacomino Giacomino." His ability to mix languages in the course of a poem was his best borrowing from Pound, although Laughlin seems to have generally inherited Pound's hauteur and Williams's sloppiness, the worst of both writers). "She Said in Apology," a poem in which he's talking to a lover, ends with a rhyme whose awkwardness puts you in the point of view of his lover doubting him but wanting to believe him ("let // us not be concerned with / minute particulars it is // the inner light I cherish"). That she's apologizing for the size of her breasts makes it hard to appreciate the prosodic achievement.

MacNiven ends his otherwise excellent biography on the preachy note that Laughlin's "spirit continues to inspire [New Directions], 'the lengthened shadow of a very tall man.'" Not that this is all wrong. Laughlin was committed to his publishing and was by all accounts patient and generous with even the worst of his imperious, impecunious writers, such as "Dreadful Edward Dahlberg" and Delmore Schwartz, who once brought a battered cat to Laughlin's office and tied it to his typewriter. Laughlin's lack of discipline extended to his reading—he didn't finish reading *Ulysses* until he was 60, despite publishing Joyce and work about him for decades—but his editorial choices are legendary, even if he often happened to have Pound or Kenneth Rexroth or Edmund Wilson in his ear. New Directions is a national treasure, and it's no small testament to Laughlin's legacy to say that he left the world with something so much greater than himself. ■

Puzzle No. 3357

JOSHUA KOSMAN AND HENRI PICCIOTTO



ACROSS

1 Puts down notices about beginning of Lent (7)

5 Before a month in France, I became dull (6)

8 System based on this number is overturned in flat contradiction (5)

9 Compulsive smoker originally getting into mixture of e-cig and painkiller (9)

11 To serve the public good, Lowe gets into a river? I don't think so (3,4)

12 Relaxation at health resort is extremely meager (7)

13 Fairy tale recalled in *Tangled* (10)

16 Hock a chessman (4)

18 Told a story in song (4)

19 Enormous tar gun assemblage, with some components reused (10)

21 Stood awkwardly, captivated by politically correct scholar who just got the third degree? (7)

23 Free lecture conceals part of political message (7)

25 I raced backward ahead of vehicle with blue décor? (6,3)

26 Dog found in Quebec or Gibraltar (5)

27 Addict embraces start of rehab with a buddy (6)

28 Unit in semi-ruined Southern city (7)

DOWN

1 Suspiciously, we snoop around endless Caribbean music in catastrophic weather event (13)

2 Wrought iron surrounds top of traditional entrace (5)

3 Sacred building: outstanding (8)

4 "The Age of Dr Pepper" omits drama's opening in TV show (4,5)

5 Stapleton and Dujardin: they're often blue (5)

6 Dance was held upside-down—that's a puzzle (6)

7 Futons are unsuitable for a vampire (9)

10 Roman statesman and diarist uses the Internet to sell a whip (3-1-4-5)

14 Physicist broils hen in a stew (5,4)

15 Exponent of beer flow announced (9)

17 Micronet reconfigured for a local communication tool (8)

20 Counsel the opposite of BC virtue? (6)

22 Vegetable is burned, we hear (5)

24 What encompasses things of beauty? The world (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 3356

ACROSS **1** BOUND + ARIES **6** init. letters **10** anag. **11** anag. **12** MO(VI)E + S (&lit.) **13** LAB OR E.R. **15** NO + IS + Y **16** IN CREASES **19** NAT TUR (anag.) + NER[d] **21** PU-[r/L]-SE **22** O + PINION **25** OUT BOX **27** M(NEMON)ICS (*no men* rev.) **28** MUST-Y **29** 2 defs. **30** DEPRE(CIA)TE (*petered* anag.)

DOWN **1** BAT + H **2** anag. **3** DE(NS)ITY **4** anag. **5** anag. **7** [m]UTTER **8** FOR + TRESSES **9** DA(BB)LE **14** UNI(N)FORMED **17** CUR(IOUS)ER **18** anag. (&lit.) **20** UN IS ON[e] **21** *camo top* rev. **23** *ten pi* anag. **24** NA(I)VE **26** "liar"

B	O	U	N	D	A	R	I	E	S	■	C	U	F	F
A	■	F	■	E	■	E	■	M	■	D	■	T	■	O
T	H	O	R	N	■	C	H	A	R	A	C	T	E	R
H	■	L	■	S	■	E	■	I	■	B	■	E	■	T
■	M	O	V	I	E	S	■	L	A	B	O	R	E	R
U	■	G	■	T	■	S	■	■	■	L	■	■	■	E
N	O	I	S	Y	■	I	N	C	R	E	A	S	E	S
I	■	S	■	■	■	O	■	U	■	■	■	A	■	S
N	A	T	T	U	R	N	E	R	■	P	U	L	S	E
F	■	■	■	N	■	■	■	I	■	O	■	T	■	S
O	P	I	N	I	O	N	■	O	U	T	B	O	X	■
R	■	N	■	S	■	A	■	U	■	O	■	N	■	L
M	N	E	M	O	N	I	C	S	■	M	U	S	T	Y
E	■	P	■	N	■	V	■	E	■	A	■	E	■	R
D	A	T	E	■	D	E	P	R	E	C	I	A	T	E

Kosman and Picciotto explain "How to Work *The Nation*'s Cryptic Puzzles" at thenation.com/puzzle-rules.

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Rethinking Quotas...

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In a true meritocracy, a corporate board should look like the markets it serves. In the United States, however, only 16.9% of Fortune 500 board seats are held by women. Globally, women hold only 11% of board seats at the world's largest companies.

We have all been taught to believe that gender and racial quotas carry a stigma of inferiority – nobody wants to believe they received a position as a result of their race or gender. Think for a moment about that. How many current corporate directors express concern that their position may be connected to their membership in an all-male golf club?

Quotas are no threat to meritocracies; quotas are a threat to privilege and prejudice. If we had a true meritocracy, we would not need quotas. It has become clear with respect to the composition of corporate boards that only legally established quotas will get us to where we really want to be – a true meritocracy.

A survey of 1,500 global business leaders, across all industries, revealed that a majority recognize that gender diversity is a performance driver for companies. A diverse board can best understand the complex make-up of a company's customer base and their needs. Studies suggest that women in the United States make more than 70% of household purchasing decisions. The inclusion of women and minorities can also enhance public trust by demonstrating the company's commitment to the interests of all stakeholders.

If all of this is true, then why haven't the free markets solved this problem already? Corporate boards in the United States are largely self-perpetuating. At the majority of S&P 500 companies, average director tenure is between six and ten years, with a turnover rate that has trended downwards over the past decade. In addition, shareholders have very limited ability to elect or remove directors. The Domini Funds consistently vote against non-diverse boards, but the corporate governance process, working under its own steam, will take decades to achieve equal representation.

This brings us to quotas. Gender diversity is now a legal requirement for corporate boards in a growing number of European jurisdictions, including Norway, Sweden and Finland, the world leaders in gender diversity, where women hold 40.5%, 27.0% and 26.8% of board seats, respectively.

We can get there too, but first we need to overcome this notion that quotas are a threat to freedom, equality and capitalism when, in fact, the opposite is true.

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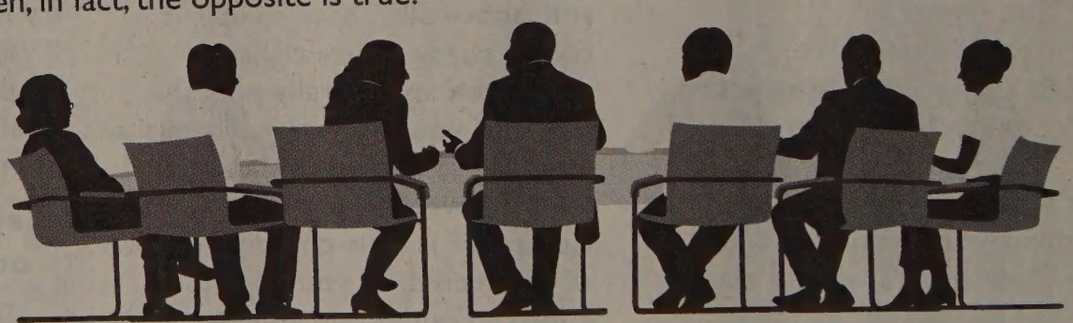

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